
DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

A COLLECTION

OF

SONGS

SELECTED FROM THE WORKS OF

MR. DIBDIN.

IN TWO VOLUMES. THE FIRST VOLUME IS NOW READY.

VOLUME II.

LONDON,

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,

AND SOLD AT HIM AT HIS WORKHOUSE, NO. 11,

ST. MARK'S,

OPPOSITE THE ALFRED.

A COLLECTION
OF
SONGS,
SELECTED FROM THE WORKS OF
Mr. DIBDIN.

IF TO BE MERRY'S TO BE WISE, TO BE WISE IS TO BE MERRY.

VOLUME II.

LONDON,
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR:
AND SOLD BY HIM AT HIS WAREHOUSE, NO. 411,
STRAND,
OPPOSITE THE ADELPHI.

SELECTED FROM THE WORKS OF

I cannot tell the influence this opportunity
gives me of reading more than I could otherwise
possibly do. I have been so occupied with the
thoughts of writing, that I have not been able
on the subject of this book, to do more than

write a few lines to my friends, and to my
publishers, and to the public.

Let it however be understood that the
author of this book is not a man of letters,
and that he is not a man of letters.

any less than I am. I am a man of letters,
and I am a man of letters.

the author of this book is not a man of letters,
and he is not a man of letters.

own account, and I am a man of letters,
and I am a man of letters.

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publishers, and to the public.



D

PREFACE.

I CANNOT resist the inclination this opportunity gives me of noticing how sincerely I rejoice that the tongue of malignity, which has so opened against me on the subject of these songs, is likely to be completely silenced.

Let it however be understood that, for any private uneasiness the saucy slander ever gave me, for any fear I entertained lest it should depreciate me in the opinion of the judicious and the worthy, for any personal enmity I feel towards the miserable fools, who are punished enough by the gnawings of their own rancour:—for any of these, or similar considerations, I should have suffered the noisome snuff to linger, till it became choaked in its own fetid dregs: but it has annoyed the public, and therefore it is my duty to put on the extinguisher.

PREFACE.

The history of this business is very simple and self-evident. I started in life with some popularity, and therefore became an object of envy. Those who were galled at my success, endeavoured to crush me. They knew they could not do so honestly, and therefore they attempted it by villany. Public indignation, however, so astonished the reptiles, that they were glad to sink into their filthy lurking places for safety.

From that time onward, till within these three years—being connected with managers and music-shops, and working for mere hire—I lived pretty free from calumny. Throwing off every kind of yoke, however, and standing upon my own foundation—at which time I pledged myself that my productions should not, even in the minutest degree, receive assistance from either manager, author, or composer—the vipers began again to rear their heads; and many—to the reproach of manhood, and the dishonour of human nature—are the wanton and wicked proofs that they are only scotched, not killed.

This will be clearly evident if we notice that the medium through which they have attempted to emit their poison is a revival of the same slander which was originally levelled against my reputation, and which only shews that they have more wickedness than cunning. They fancy that, could they induce a general belief that I imposed upon the world the productions of some other person, as my own, I should be held as a man void of faith or honour ; but what proper indignation must fill every heart if it could be brought home to conviction that the principles of this person, of whom I am supposed to be merely the agent, are detested, and his memory execrated !

Could this be maintained, it would cut two ways. It would hold me up, both professionally and morally, as an impostor, and stimulate the public not only to damn my works, but my character. Poor, shallow-sighted idiots ! They indeed know nothing of the nature of public generosity. They have never experienced that it constantly follows laudable industry ; that it ever encourages those endeavours which aim at conveying reasonable pleasure and useful instruc-

sion; and that whom it protects, it raises far above the reach of malice or detraction. They only know, fallen as they are, that it is a bliss they dare not hope to enjoy, because they are unworthy to possess it.

Having spoken of managers and music-shops, it may not be improper to notice, that in separating myself from public connections, I am not actuated by any thing captious or capricious. I have no wish to cavil at men who have made bargains with me to their advantage. I cannot blame them for taking care of their interest, nor do I believe they blame me for taking care of mine: but, on the contrary—particularly those with whom I have been most connected—wish well to my pursuits, and would lend my exertions every advantage in their power. Nor is there any thing wonderful in this; for it is a poor compliment to human integrity to suppose that it is not very natural in us to assist those from whom we have received assistance.

Putting out of the question the rascality of my slanderers, I shall next examine whether there is any

thing like probability in their slander; premising, that I should not have condescended so far but for the only circumstance in all this business that gives me any thing like pain; and it is, that many men of strict honour, and cordial good wishes towards me, have, even in my presence, apparently given into something like a belief of what has been urged against me.

Such a leaven is there in the composition of man, and so captivating is a novel opinion, that I am afraid, should there be any malignity in it, there are very few who may not, under particular circumstances, suffer a momentary suspension of their integrity, to indulge an absurd curiosity. I declare I have had such questions asked me, by even kind and worthy friends, that had I not known an anxious solicitude had for an instant obscured probability, and outran reflection, I must, for the sake of my honour, have spit in their faces.

Nor is this language too strong. In what way can the best friend make me amends for having indulged, even for a single moment, a belief that I am

the wretch these execrable villains would fain describe me? But my only revenge on those who have been thus betrayed from their duty as men, and tricked out of their charity as christians, shall be to shew upon how unsubstantial a foundation they have grounded their belief.

To go into this examination then. What is there in all we know of Mr. BICKERSTAFF to give the faintest colour to probability that he has written my songs, and that I always have been, and now am, his intimate friend? Is it because whatever he has written and whatever I have written are of a totally different complexion? Does he write my sea songs, because those in his *Thomas and Sally* are, taken technically, the absurdest nonsense that ever disgraced paper? Does the spirit of my poetry bear the characteristic of his, because his was study and mine is intuition? Because he was timid, and I am bold? Because what I write is temporary, and for the moment, when he was the tardiest and most tedious of all writers? Did he, or could he, write any thing but songs? Do I write any thing but ballads? Have

I not uniformly rejected all assistance?—nay the assistance of much better poets than he—and did he not court assistance from any body who would lend it him? Were not the suggestions of GOLDSMITH, KELLY, GARRICK, nay even SHUTER, and many others, caught at by him with avidity?

But did not these plain and self-evident facts laugh the assertion to scorn, is it likely that a man, as he was, of the most-offensive and insufferable vanity, who never allowed the smallest spark of merit to his friends—no, not even in the moment they were lending advantage to his productions—is it probable that such a man, notwithstanding the merited obloquy a discerning and virtuous public has properly heaped on his head, would not manifest in some way his title to a share in my popularity? Or, to take it the other way, what strange inconsistency, or what singular atrocity, has so marked my public career as to make me appear on one side such a fool, and on the other such a knave, as to risk being first discovered, and afterwards betrayed, by the man of all others the most capable of such conduct?

Again, what are the fascinating qualities in Mr. BICKERSTAFF that should induce me to imitate him as a man, and risk public benevolence for private infamy? Am I impelled by gratitude in return for his driving hard bargains with me; of his taking advantage of my inexperience, and rewarding me with a trifle, for labours by which he got large sums of money; for being continually unfaithful to his engagements, or for running away in my debt? Am I enamoured of that insincerity for which he was remarkable and notorious?—for that profligacy and immorality which characterised his opinions?—for that supercilious hauteur through which he would affront his friends?—or the pusillanimity which terrified him into begging their pardon! The climax of this paragraph I will not stain my paper with. My heart does not tell me that any single dispassionate man upon earth will accuse me of an inclination to emulate the above qualities, and I flatter myself I shall not easily be suspected of pre-eminence in iniquity. And now let my calumniators, with their usual truth and consistency, assert that this is a panegyric on Mr. BICKERSTAFF, and that he wrote it!

But this dare not now be ventured. The public indignation is once more roused, and woe to those who have provoked it! My cause is become the cause of every honest man in the kingdom. Every man's honour, every man's character, and every man's interest is involved in it. It is not now a question whether, in common with hundreds of high distinction, brilliant talents, and unspotted honour, I shall, with indifference and contempt, see the lie of the day levelled at me, but it is a question whether, as an innocent man, I shall be protected by society, or, as a perjurer, driven from it.

This slander became at length so rank, so shameful, and was so universally diffused, that, in justice to myself as a man and a citizen, I have appealed to the laws of my country. Disdaining to proceed otherwise than by indictment, I have been granted a rule to shew cause why an information should not be filed against the person who has thought proper to libel me; and, to obtain that rule, I have sworn "that I have not, at any time, seen Mr. BICKERSTAFF, nor had any

"correspondence with him, since he absconded, and
"that I know not whether he be alive or dead."

The matter is therefore now brought to a most serious and solemn point. My reputation is in the hands of the public, and every man of virtue and honour must pronounce for me, that no one, but an unprincipled villain, will hereafter dare to mention my name coupled with any insinuation of the nature I complain of, unless he shall not only accuse me, but convict me, of perjury.

I have written this preface at the solicitation and for the satisfaction of those many friends whose warm and kind anxiety shall be remembered by me while my heart feels that gratitude which is its sweetest and dearest sensation. In the course of it I have carefully studied not to anticipate nor prejudge any thing before the court. I have only given an unqualified contradiction of what has been alledged against me, and maintained my position by such probable circumstances as suggested themselves. This it was particularly my duty

to do, on bringing out these songs; but I have not presumed to teach, or dictate. The subject is open to liberal discussion. It is here at issue, as well as at the King's-bench; and I am neither ashamed nor afraid of what may be the decision in either place.

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 PEOPLE OF THE NORTH OF ENGLAND
 FROM THE CONQUEST TO THE REFORMATION
 OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY

BY JOHN RICHARDSON

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DIBDIN'S
SELECTED SONGS.

BALLAD.

IN THE WHIM OF THE MOMENT.

I vow I thought you, at first sight,
A moppet, a baboon, a fright,
Or some hobgoblin of the night,
That guilty creatures waken;
With nose and chin like ram's horns curl'd,
And brows in furrowed wrinkles furl'd,
Well 'tis amazing in this world
How one may be mistaken.

II.

For now I see with half an eye
You are not old, nor made awry,
Nor do your shambling trotters ply,
As if by palsy shaken :

▲

You're young as Ganemede and fair,
Narcissus had not such an air,
Well 'tis amazing I declare
How one may be mistaken.

BALLAD.

Once on a time to mighty Jove
Complaints came from afar,
From men of unsuccessful love,
Miscarriages in war:

In law the want of equity,
Of mirth at city feasts,
Of pathos in their poetry,
And of good works in priests.

II.

So loud and clam'rous were these clods,
That Jove, ne'er left at rest,
Conven'd a synod of the gods,
And Bacchus 'mongst the rest:

He, merry wag, knew what on earth
Thus caus'd them to repine,

And instant sent them genuine mirth,
Cask'd up in tons of wine.

III.

The lover drank and eas'd his care,
Heroes grew high in fame,
A comely paunch mark'd each Lord Mayor,
And lawyers just became.

Bards sung divine, priests put up prayers,
For such a blessing given,
And Bacchus to this day declares
There's no such drink in heaven.

BALLAD.

=====

WHEN last in the Dreadful your honour set sail,
On Newfoundland banks, there came on a hard gale,
There was thunder, red lightning, and cold whistling
hail,
Enough the old gemman to scare;

One who threaten'd your life, dash'd below by a wave,
 Your own hand I saw snatch from a watery grave ;
 And you said 'twas well done, for that still with the
 brave
 The noblest of glory's to spare.

II.

When yard arm and yard arm long side of a foe,
 When the blood from the scuppers rain'd on us below,
 When crippled enough to be taken in tow,
 To strike we saw mounseer prepare ;
 If a broadside below, or a volley above,
 The men were all ready to give her for love,
 How oft has your honour cry'd not a hand move,
 A hero's true glory's to spare.

SONG.

FAR from strife and love's alarms,
 With joyous heart, and mind at ease,
 Time was when with resistless charms
 Bacchus knew the way to please.

When while the merry glee went round,
Gaily I saw each minute pass,
Nor ever had I heard a sound
Like the sweet tinkling of the glass.

My flask now broke, and spilt my wine,
For Cupid Bacchus' joys I quit,
The myrtle kills the blighted vine,
And love, turn'd fate, cries out submit.

BALLAD.

I went to sea with heavy heart,
Of her I lov'd the scorn,
Yet from my thoughts did ne'er depart
Her image, night or morn:-

Storms lour'd, waves roll'd, and lightning flew,
Yet did I wish to live,
Still willing, for my poor heart was true,
To forget and to forgive.

II.

The first word, when on English ground,
I spoke was her false name,

And soon upon enquiry found
—For scandal flies—her shame :

She lov'd a youth, before the wind
Who cut and let her drive ;
Avast cried I, 'twere now too kind
To forget and to forgive.

III.

While of these thoughts my mind was full,
While adverse hopes and fears,
Like winds did this and that way pull,
She came to me in tears.

Down went my colours, and I swore
For her alone I'd live,
Kiss'd her, and promis'd o'er and o'er,
To forget and to forgive.

BALLAD:

THE boatswain calls, the wind is fair,
The anchor heaving,
Our sweethearts leaving,
We to duty must repair,
Where our stations well we know :

Cast off halliards from the cleets,
Stand by well, clear all the sheets;
Come my boys,
Your handspikes poise,
And give one general huzza :
Yet fighting as you pull away,
For the tears ashore that flow,
To the windlafs let us go,
With yo heave hol

II.

The anchor coming now apeak,
Lest the ship, striving,
Be on it driving,
That we the tap'ring yards must seek,
And back the foretop-fail well we know :

A pleasing duty ! from aloft
We faintly see those charms where oft,

When returning,
 With passion burning,
 We fondly gaze, those eyes that seem
 In parting with big tears to stream;
 But come, lest ours as fast should flow,
 To the windlafs once more go,
 With yo heave ho!

III.

Now the ship is under weigh,
 The breeze so willing
 The canvafs filling,
 The prest triangle cracks the stay,
 So taught to haul the sheet we know:
 And now in trim we gaily fail,
 The maffy beam receives the gale,
 While freed from duty
 To his beauty,
 Left on the lefs'ning shore afar,
 A fervent figh heaves every tar,
 To thank those tears for him that flow,
 That from his true love he should go,
 With yo heave ho!

DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

BALLAD.

IN THE LONG ODDS.

AND did you hear what sad distaster
Poor Peg of Mapledown befel ?
For love that stoutest hearts can master.
Alas ! that those who love so well,

In sorrow's train
Should mourn in vain ;
Her story does such grief impel,
That woe is me the while I tell.

II.

She loved a youth of honest kindred ;
At church behold the happy pair ;
And ask what 'twas their bliss that hindred,
For he was young, and she was fair :

Accurs'd be wars,
And party jars,
Why must the handsome danger share ?
Alas ! it fills me with despair.

10 DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

III.

Onward to his liege lord's dwelling
A rebel rout had cut their way ;
What shrieks ensued! and what a yelling!
For he a true man must away ;

He swore the fight
Would end ere night,
And he'd return with garlands gay,
Sweet trophies for his wedding day.

IV.

Night came, and saw the youth returning;
Accursed be war's destructive knife;
She ran to clasp, with passion burning,
Her wedded lord—deprived of life!

Oh! cruel spight!
What! not one night,
Is not her tale with misery rife?
At once a maiden and a wife.

BALLAD.

IN THE LONG ODDS.

A sailer and an honest heart,
Like ship and helm, are ne'er apart;
For how should one stem wind and tide
If tother should refuse to guide?
With that she freely cuts the waves.

And so the tar,
When clashing waves around him jar,
Consults his heart, and dangers braves
Where duty calls; nor asks for more
Than grog aboard, and girl ashore.

II.

'Tis not a thousand leagues from home
More horrid than the billows foam;
'Tis not that gentler is the breeze
In channel than in distant seas;
Danger surrounds him far and near:

But honest tar,
Though winds and water round him jar,
Consults his heart, and scorns to fear,

The risks he runs endears him more
To grog on board, and girl ashore.

III.

'Tis not that in the hottest fight
The murd'rous ball will sooner light
On that than any other spot,
To face the cannon is his lot;
He must of danger have his share:

But honest tar,
Though fire, and winds, and water jar,
Consults his heart, and shakes off care:
And when the battle's heat is o'er,
In grog aboard, drinks girl ashore.

BALLAD.

IN HARVEST HOME.

WOUNDS, here's such a coil! I am none of your poor
Petty varlets, who flatter, and cringe, and procure;
I'm a freeman, a nabob, a king on his throne,
For I've chattles, and goods, and strong beer of my
own: .

Befides, 'tis a rule that good fellows ne'er fail
To let any thing wait but the generous ale.

II.

My interest I love; thee I love too, good wife,
But still I love better a jovial life;
And for thee, or my lady, with duty devout,
I'll run to Old Nick, when the dobbin's drank out.

But, 'tis always a rule that good fellows ne'er fail
To let any thing wait, but the generous ale.

BALLAD.

IN HARVEST HOME.

Arrah Pat, did you leave your poor Unah to mourn?

Fait and troth, my dear jewel,

Now was it not cruel?

Oh come back again, or you'll never return

To chear me when I'm broken hearted.

Straight forward I look when around me so gay

I'd a pleasure in toiling

While Patrick was smiling,

14 DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

The sun shined, though 'twas cloudy, the while we
made hay,
For den Pat and I had not parted.

11.

Each bird while it's singing may shut up its throat :
I won't look at the thistle,
Where goldfinches whistle,
For though they all shun me, I don't hear a note,
How can I, while thus broken hearted ?

The cows may courrant it, the sheep frisk and play,
Lambs and kidlings be dancing,
And skipping, and prancing,
For though they're before me, they're all gone away,
Since Patrick and Unah are parted.

SONG.

IN HARVEST HOME.

AWAY, pale fear and ghastly terror !
Fly, at a parent's voice away !
Correcting every youthful error,
She deigns to bid, and I obey :

And oh, my heart! thou murmur'st treason,
Perturb'd and frighten'd thus, to move;
This sacrifice I make to reason,
Lie still, poor flutt'rer, and approve!

BALLAD.

IN HARVEST HOME.

THOUGH I am humble, mean, and poor,
Yet faith am I disarming;
And one may see the sun shine sure
Without the help of learning.
This little maxim, for my sake,
I pray you be believing,
The truest pleasures that we take
Are those that we are giving.

II.

Is there a wretch, with all his pelf,
So poor as a rich miser?
Sure does not he defraud himself?
No maxim can be wiser.

He who is blest for his own sake,
Fait is himself deceiving;
The truest pleasures that we take,
Are those that we are giving.

BALLAD.

IN THE ISLANDERS.

TRULY friend Gil thou choosest well,
Taking a helpmate homely,
For often times sad tales they tell,
Of wives who are too comely :

But cheer thee Perez, and be gay,
From furnished brows exempted,
For how can she e'er go astray
Who never will be tempted ?

II.

For thieves do never rob the poor,
A pebble's not a jewel,
Fruits do not blossom on a moor,
Fire burns not without fuel :

Up with thy heart then Gil, bé gay,
From furnished brows exempted,
Thy wife can never go astray,
For she will ne'er be tempted.

BALLAD.

IN THE ISLANDERS.

AH let not an instant of life pass in vain,
The moments escape us, and age brings on pain,
Life's too precious, too fugitive joy,
The flowers which yesterday Zephyr disclosed,
Droop'd their head on their stalks before Phoebus
 repos'd,
Thus one single day serves to form and destroy.

II.

Then think not of ought but the moment that flies,
To learn to be happy's to learn to be wise,
Seize pleasure while pleasure's our own,
Fear nothing, thou'rt mine, 'tis allotted above,
Chance but obeyed fate, and blest with thy love,
I envy no king on his throne.

BALLAD.

IN THE ISLANDERS.

THIS life's a day's journey, we rise in the morn,
The sun, trees, and flowers our prospect adorn,
When perhaps we have scarcely been set out an hour,
But flap we're o'ertaken, and foused in a shower :

To shelter then quickly, and see now 'tis o'er,
And in pretty good spirits we set out once more,
Now up hill, now down, now even, and now
We are cover'd with dust, and now popp'd in a flough.

II.

Thus we jog on till dinner, now wet and now dry,
And now we've a low'ring, and now a clear sky,
With the fire, the good landlord, the wine, and the
cheer,

Now refresh'd we set forward to end our career :

But the roads are uneven, we trip, are bemired,
And jolted, and jostled, and tumbled, and tired,
Yet we keep a good heart, and our spirits are light,
In hopes we shall meet with a good inn at night.

BALLAD.

FORGIVE me if thus I presuming
Come hither your heart to surprise,
Smile, smile, and my hopes re-illumine:
But my pardon I read in your eyes:
No impostor the passion I own is,
And heaven what delight could I be
As truly to you an Adonis,
As you are a Venus to me.

II.

The gods who so often delighted
In borrowed forms, some fair nymph to pursue
Might confess they were never excited
By an object so charming as you.
No impostor, &c.

BALLAD.

Our Jupiter has near his throne
Two vessels which he fills,
The one with benefits alone,
The other crams with ills :
From the good vessel, health, content,
Plenty and bliss he gives,
While from the evil forth are sent
Gout, stone, and scolding wives.

II.

Thus to mankind with heedful care,
In just proportion weighed,
The lot to each, each best can bear,
By Jove's decree's conveyed :
Unless his patience when to rub,
Juno the devil drives,
Then headlong from the left hand tub,
Go troops of scolding wives.

III.

Oft this complaint on me, like air,
From men still passed away,

Till that same type of Juno there
Let loose her tongue to day :

But now entreating Jove I'll go,
To chequer not their lives
With any other spot of woe,
Who're plagued with scolding wives.

BALLAD.

IN THE ODDITIES:

CELIA's an angel, by her face
The rose and lily's shamed,
The tresses of love's queen, for grace,
With her's can ne'er be named :

The gods, cried one, that face with care
Formed in their best of humours,
What pity 'tis both face and hair
Were bought at the perfumer's:

II.

Celia has sworn to love till death ;
For words so full of bliss,

I could have longed, but for her breath,
To steal an ardent kiss;

Rapture itself is poor and cold,
To joy that she discovers,
What pity she the same has told
To fifty other lovers.

III.

Celia is young, behold her mein,
Alert from top to toe,
My aunt says she was just fifteen
Some thirty years ago:

Thus youth and beauty's best delights
Sweet Celia are adorning,
For she a Venus is at nights,
A sybil in the morning.

BALLAD.

THE wind blew hard, the sea ran high,
The dingy scud drove cross the sky,
All was safe lashed, the bowl was slung,
When careless thus Ned Haulyard sung:

A sailor's life's the life for me,
He takes his duty merrily,
If winds can whistle, he can sing;
Still faithful to his friend and king,
He gets below'd by all the ship,
And toasts his girl, and drinks his flip.

II.

Down topfails boys, the gale comes on,
To strike top-gallant yards they run,
And now to hand the sail prepared,
Ned cheerful sings upon the yard:

A sailor's life, &c.

III.

A leak, a leak!—come lads be bold,
There's five foot water in the hold,

Eager on deck see Haulyard jump,
And hark while working at the pump :

A sailor's life, &c.

IV.

And see! the vessel nought can save,
She strikes and finds a wat'ry grave!
Yet Ned preserved, with a few more,
Sings as he treads a foreign shore :

A sailor's life, &c.

V.

And now—unnumbered perils past,
On land as well as sea—at last
In tatters to his Poll and home
See honest Haulyard singing come :

A sailor's life, &c.

VI.

Yet for poor Haulyard what disgrace,
Poll swears she never saw his face ;
He damns her for a faithless she,
And singing goes again to sea :

A sailor's life, &c.

WELCH BALLAD.

I pray when your sweetheart pouts,
And fleers, and flouts,
And glours, and glouts,
Ne'er mind the purfing of her prow,
But pout again I pray you now,

Is it not true that females fex,
Plague, and perplex
The other fex,
With whimsies in their heads that grow,
And fantifies I pray you now ?

II.

Rack poor men's powels, prains, and hearts,
Do not their arts,
And whims, and starts,
Plue tiffles in their heads that crow,
And jealousies I pray you now ?

Then mind not nonsense of the fair,
But change your air,
And shake off care ;

Nor to their tricks and fancies pow,
But let them ko I pray you now.

BALLAD.

IF, my hearty, you'd not like a lubber appear,
You must very well know how to hand, reef, and steer,
Yet a better manœuvre 'mongst seamen is found,
'Tis the tight little maxim to know how to found:

Which a sailor can tell from a bay to a shoal,
But the best sort of founding is founding the bowl:

II.

I've founded at land, and I've founded at sea,
I've founded a-weather, and founded a-lee,
I've founded my quine at the randivoo house,
And I've founded my pouch without finding a soufe:

What then, we've a brother in each honest soul,
And sailors can ne'er want for founding the bowl.

III.

All men try for soundings wherever they steer,
Your nabobs for soundings strive hard in Cape Clear,

And there is not a soul, from the devil to the pope,
That could live but for founding the Cape of Good
Hope:

No fear then nor danger our hearts shall controul,
Though at sea, we're in soundings while founding the
bowl.

BALLAD.

In which of all thy various joys,
The tongue of fame that so employs,
Didst thou best taste—say, mighty Jove,
The pure, unmixed delights of love?

Not with Europa:—there recourse
Thou boldly had'st to brutal force;
Her wishes took with thee no part,
She gave her person, not her heart.

II.

Not with the beauteous Theban dame,
When thou assumedst her husband's name;

For, though ingenious was the whim,
She knew not thee, but thought of him.

Not then when in a glitt'ring shower
Thou visit'st Danae in the tower ;
The gold prevailed 'tis true, and she
Yielded to interest, not to thee.

III.

Nor Semele, whom to obey
Thou cam'st in terrible array,
She, proud one, yielded not to love,
But to ambition, and to Jove:

No, 'twas Mnemosyne, sweet fair,
Thy joys indeed were perfect there;
Joys hadst thou not, no bard had sung,
For thence the immortal sisters sprung.

BALLAD.

LIKE a very gallant will I compliment all :

I must leer at and ogle the pretty,
Tell the short ones they're neat, and majestic the tall
And call all the homely ones witty.

Thus agreeable falsehood still passing for truth,
I shall tickle their vanity snugly,
Talk of prudence to age, and of pleasure to youth,
And console with a fortune the ugly.

II.

To the pale I'll on delicate lilies begin,
To the florid I'll hold forth on roses,
Call squinting a leer, find a smile in a grin,
And proportion where chins kiss with noses :

Thus agreeable falsehood still passing for truth,
I'll their vanity tickle so snugly,
That I'll please tall and short, fat and lean, age and
youth,
And reconcile even the ugly.

BALLAD.

If tars of their money are lavish,
I say brother take this wipe from me,
'Tis because we're not muck-worms, nor slavish,
Like lubbers who ne'er go to sea :
What's cunning, and such quivication,
And them sly manœuvres to we,
To be roguish is no valuation
To hearties who plough the salt sea.

II.

As for cheating—light weights, and short measures,
And corruption, and bribery, d'ye see,
These never embitter the pleasures
Of good fellows who plough the salt sea.
You've ashore actions, writs, celleraries,
And a regiment of counsel to fee,
Jack knows not of such like vagaries—
We never trust lawyers at sea.

III.

'Tis said that with grog and our lasses,
Because jolly failors are free,
That money we squander like asses,
Which like horses we earn'd when at sea :
But let them say this, that, or tother,
In one thing they're forced to agree,
Honest hearts find a friend and a brother
In each worthy that ploughs the salt sea:

GLEE.

WOULD ye know where freedom dwells,
Where jovial hearts carouse and sing,
Haunt these grotts, explore these cells,
Here every subject is a king!

Sprightly mirth inhabits here,
And joy that knows no listless pause ;
For how should we dull sorrow fear
Who square our lives by pleasure's laws ?

What's fortune!—is it chance or worth?
Peasant and prince their race must run—
Nor is there that poor spot on earth
But's cherished by the genial sun.

BALLAD.

IN THE ISLANDERS.

An infant defenceless, of succour bereft,
On this rude barren wild was I thrown,
My sole ray of comfort I had not been left,
To brood o'er my sorrows alone:

To see cataracts falling, and hear lions roar,
Or the awful loud war on the deep,
Is the fate poor Flametta was born to deplore,
Which she oft would wish kinder, and weep.

II.

To all this assemblage of horrors enured,
What yet greater ills could one prove,
Could one think for a heart which had so much en-
dured,
Fate should store up a torment like love.

'Tis too much, I've decided, and who shall relate
When her and her miseries sleep,
The tale of Flametta, will sure with her fate,
Poor wretch, had been kinder, and weep.

BALLAD.

DEVOTED to Celia, and blest in her arms,
How I thrill'd with delight as I ran o'er her charms,
When methought on each grace as I gaz'd with sur-
prise,
For pre-eminence pleaded her mouth and her eyes :
Like counsel this opened, and tother replied,
Appealing to me as a judge to decide.

II.

Her mouth opening sweetly, thus said with a smile,
' 'Tis I who the torments of lovers beguile ;
' I can speak, I can sing, I can vent the fond sigh,
' And vain may eyes promise, if I should deny :
' Then while rows of pearls vermeil lips sweetly hide,
' On our different charms 'twere not hard to decide.'

III.

With ineffable sweetness, while looking me through,
Her eyes careless cried—' Why I can speak too ;
' And in such charming language, so made to controul,
' That of sensible lovers it goes to the soul :
' Mouths may fib, but while eyes to the heart are the
' guide,
' Twere no difficult task on our charms to decide.'

VI.

Transported with rapture, I cried with an oath
' Charming eyes, charming mouth, I'm in love with
' you both ;
' To express your sweet influence no language has
' terms,
' One makes me a promise which tother confirms :
' Your words and your looks are my joy and my pride,
' On your different claims then how can I decide ?'

BALLAD.

To a slight common wound it is some diminution,
Diverting its throbbing, to smile at the smart,
But where's the firm mind can boast such resolution,
In the face to wear smiles when the wound's in the
heart?

The wand'rings and errors of folly are treason,
And should be condemned as disloyal to love,
But reverence is due to the errors of reason,
Which, though they're a weakness, we're forced to
approve:

III.

Then pray cease to jest, were my griefs superficial,
Unconcerned, like yourself Sir, I merry might be,
But such cruel jests can but prove prejudicial,
And though pastime to you, may be mortal to me.

Yet let me not wrong you by any rude mention,
Or word that the fairness of candour might blot,
But gratefully just, may alone the intention
In my memory be cherished, the action forgot.

BALLAD.

Curs'd be the fordid wretch of yore,
Who from the bowels of the earth
First drew crude heaps of shining ore,
Stamp'd the rude mass, and gave it worth:
Ere yet distinctions and degrees
In lovers' wishes bore a part,
Truly to love was then to please,
And heart was made the price of heart:

II:

Henceforth ye lovers nothing hope,
Your fire is dead, your ardour cold;
Love has no influence, power, or scope,
But that which it derives from gold.

Long may ye languish, long expect,
Vows lavish—wishes, sighs employ,
A brittle temple to erect,
Which gold can in an hour destroy.

BALLAD.

Propitious gods that rule our fate,
Whose ears are tired with idle prayers,
To banish ills that men create,
And chafe imaginary cares.

And first they ask in rank and power,
A fate from every care exempt :
Vain hope !—ambition lasts its hour,
Then dwindles into just contempt.

II.

Next reputation in the field,
Renown, and to be great in story :—
I all such horrid honours yield,
No brother's blood shall buy my glory.

A sumptuous palace, gorgeous board,
A train of followers next they crave :
Poor fools ! his guests retir'd, the lord
Is but a solitary slave.

III.

Next to their memories they'd erect
A statue, lasting fame to give :—

I ask but reason, and expect
My little pleasures while I live.

Happy in honours, power, wealth,
If you but grant my fond desire,
A blameless heart, unshaken health,
My friends, my bottle, and my lyre.

BALLAD.

SUCH love as holy hermits bear
The shrine where they put up their prayer,
As love the feather'd race the air,
Or sportive fish the sea :

Such as in breasts of Seraphs spring,
When on the expanse of heaven they wing,
To greet that power by whom they sing,
Such love I bear to thee.

11.

Such thankful love as warm must glow
In those who sunk in night and snow,

When welcome beams first faintly shew

The long-lost fun they see :

As pleasure youth, comfort the old,

Virtue the good, or fame the bold,

As health the sick, or misers gold,

Such love I bear to thee.

BALLAD:

COME listen a while, 'twill do your heart good,

While I sing of Clorinda and bold Robin Hood :

The damsel as handsome as handsome can be,

Who has many a pound, and plenty of geer,

Than whose father no lord ever kept better cheer.

Who now goes to marry a mate of high blood,

And all out of spight to this bold Robin Hood :

Tadderer too, tadderer tee, tadderer, radderer, tandoree

II.

This Robin, as shall be related anon,

With brave William Scarlet, and bold Little John,

All outlaws, as daring as daring can be,

Makes this wide-skirted forest betimes in the morn
Resound far and near with the bugle horn :

When straight out of fear all that live near the wood
Run and lock up their daughters from bold Robin Hood.
Tadderer too, &c.

III

How this Robin full fifty bold foresters slew,
How the pindar of Wakefield made one of his crew,
As desperate a crew as desperate can be,
How the butcher he trick'd, bid the bold tinker stand,
Made the bishop say mass, and fought Arther of Bland,
Are wrote and set down in true language and good,
In the life and adventures of bold Robin Hood:
Tadderer too, &c.

IV.

But the best joke of all is the comical tale,
How he rescued the sweetheart of Allen a Dale,
An action as daring as daring can be;
It happened her parents would force her to church,
With intention poor Allen to leave in the lurch,
When twenty stout fellows all firm men and good,
Rush'd in, and were headed by bold Robin Hood.
Tadderer too, &c

V.

But to come to Clorinda, and finish my tale,
The second edition of Allen a Dale,
With us he'd fain play, but too cunning are we,
Him, John, and his Scarlet we all laugh to scorn,
His merry men all and his bugle horn :

Let him come then, he'll find us all stout men and good,
Fit to drub all such outlaws as bold Robin Hood.
Tadderer too, &c.

BALLAD.

Give round the word dismount, dismount,
While echoed by the sprightly horn,
The toils and pleasures we recount
Of this sweet health-inspiring morn.

'Twas glorious sport, none e'er did lag,
Nor drew amiss, nor made a stand,
But all as firmly kept their pace,
As had Acteon been the stag,
And we had hunted by command
Of the goddess of the chase.

II.

The hounds were out and snuffed the air,
And scarce had reach'd th' appointed spot,
But pleas'd they heard a layer, a layer,
And presently drew on the slot.

'Twas glorious sport, &c.

III.

And now o'er yonder plain he fleets,
The deep-mouth'd hounds begin to bawl;
And echo note for note repeats,
While sprightly horns resound a call.

'Twas glorious sport, &c.

IV.

And now the stag has lost his pace,
And while war-haunch the huntsman cries,
His bosom swells, tears wet his face,
He pants, he struggles, and he dies.

'Twas glorious sport, &c.

BALLAD.

IN THE WAGS.

WOULD you hear a sad story of woe,
That tears from a stone might provoke,
'Tis concerning a tar you must know,
As honest as e'er biscuit broke :

His name was Ben Block, of all men
The most true, the most kind, the most brave,
But harsh treated by fortune, for Ben
In his prime found a watery grave.

II.

His place no one ever knew more ;
His heart was all kindness and love ;
Though on duty an eagle he'd soar,
His nature had most of the dove :

He lov'd a fair maiden named Kate,
His father to interest a slave,
Sent him far from his love where hard fate
Plunged him deep in a watery grave.

III

A curse on all slanderous tongues,
A false friend his mild nature abused,
And sweet Kate of the vilest of wrongs,
To poison Ben's pleasure, accused ;
That she never had truly been kind,
That false were the tokens she gave,
That she scorn'd him, and wish'd he might find,
In the ocean a watery grave:

IV.

Too sure from this cankerous elf,
The venom accomplished its end;
Ben, all truth and honour himself,
Suspected no fraud in his friend :
On the yard, while suspended in air,
A loose to his sorrows he gave,
Take thy wish, he cried, false cruel fair;
And plung'd in a watery grave:

BALLAD.

IN THE WAGS.

To ask would you come for to go
How a true-hearted tar you'd discern,
He's as honest a fellow I'd have you to know
As e'er slept between stem and stern :
Let furious winds the vessel waft,
In his station amidships, or fore, or aft,
He can pull away,
Cast off, belay,
Aloft, alow,
Avast, yo ho !
And hand, reef, and steer,
Know each halliard and jeer,
And of duty every rig ;
But his joy and delight
Is, on Saturday night,
A drop of the creature to swig.

II.

The first voyage I made to sea,
One day as I hove the lead,
The main top gallant mast went by the lee,
For it blew off the devil's head ;

Tumble up there, bear a hand, turn to,
While I, the foremost of the crew,
Soon could pull away,
Cast off, belay,
Aloft, alow,
Avast, yo ho !
And hand, reef, and steer,
Know each halliard and jeer,
And of duty every rig;
But my joy and delight
Was, on Saturday night,
A drop of the creature to swig.

III.

There was Kit with a cast in his eye,
And Tom with the timber toe,
And shambling Will, for he hobbled awry,
All wounded a fighting the foe;

Three lads though crazy grown and crank,
As true as ever bumbo drank,
For they'd pull away,
Cast off, belay,
Aloft, alow,
Avast, yo ho !
And hand, reef, and steer,
Know each halliard and jeer,

And of duty every rig;
But their joy and delight
Was, on Saturday night,
A drop of the creature to swig.

IV.

'Then over life's ocean I'll jog,
Let the storm or the Spaniards come on,
So but sea room I get, and a skin full of grog,
I fear neither devil nor don :

For I'm the man that's spract and daft,
In my station amidships, or fore, or aft,
I can pull away,
Cast off, belay,
Aloft, alow,
Avast, yo ho !
And hand, reef, and steer,
Know each halliard and jeer,
And of duty every rig,
But my joy and delight
Is, on Saturday night,
A drop of the creature to swig.

BALLAD.

IN THE WAGS.

EXCEPT the folks that's fast asleep,
All nature now is waking,
Aurora at the world a peep
Is in her nightcap taking :

Hark all the tory rory boys,
Making a devil of a noise,
To cure the headach of last night
The paceable king's subjects fright,
And helter skelter come apace
To enjoy the pleasures of the chase.

II.

How sweet to be, as on we rush,
By the pig-tail entangling,
Amidst a lovely torny bush,
Or on a tree left dangling !

Ah mussha gra than wine or love
The joy of hunting's far above ;
Can either Cupid or the bowl
Such pleasures give ? ah by my soul !

Briars and thorns may scratch your face,
Still great's the pleasure of the chase.

III

Then when our mettle's at its pitch,
While tally-ho we're bawling,
Safe landed in a muddy ditch
To be genteelly sprawling :

Ah musha gra than wine or love
The joy of hunting's far above;
Can either Cupid or the bowl
Such pleasure give? Ah by my foul!
Let muddy ditches wash your face,
Still great's the pleasure of the chase.

IV.

Then dripping like a drowning rat,
At night you would not think it,
What glorious wine, if it were not
We're too fatigued to drink it :

Ah bodder not of love and war,
The joy of hunting's greater far ;
Hark echo, in melodious tones,
Hollas, and whistles, and sings, and groans,

While many a broken scone and face
Proclaim the pleasures of the chase.

BALLAD.

IN THE WAGS.

WE bipeds, made up of frail clay,
Alas are the children of sorrow.
And though brish and merry to-day,
We all may be wretched to-morrow :

For sunshine's succeeded by rain,
Then fearful of life's stormy weather,
Left pleasure should only bring pain,
Let us all be unhappy together.

II.

I grant the best blessing we know
Is a friend, for true friendship's a treasure,
And yet, lest your friend prove a foe,
Oh taste not the dangerous pleasure :

Thus friendship's a flimsy affair,
Thus riches and health are a bubble,
Thus there's nothing delightful but care,
Nor any thing pleasing but trouble.

III.

If a mortal would point out that life
Which on earth could be nearest to heaven,
Let him, thanking his stars, chuse a wife
To whom truth and honour are given :

But honour and truth are so rare,
And horns, when they're cutting, so tingle,
That, with all my respect to the fair,
I'd advise him to sigh and live single.

IV.

It appears from these premises plain
That wisdom is nothing but folly,
That pleasure's a term that means pain,
And that joy is your true melancholy ;

That all those who laugh ought to cry,
That 'tis fine frisk and fun to be grieving,
And that since we must all of us die,
We should taste no enjoyment while living:

BALLAD.

. IN THE WAGS.

PATRICK O'ROW is my name,
My calling's the trade of a boxer,
I'm a devil of a fellow for fame,
Why I'm bottom like any game cock sir;

Oh I tips 'em so tight
Left and right,
And to blind 'em so well I knows how;
To the spine of the back I am blood,
Ah honey 'twould do your heart good
To be lathered by Patrick O'Row.

II.

I presently knocks down my men,
Your servant, says I, pray call again,
Then I close up their peepers, and then
I wish you good night Mr. Galaghan:

Were alive Master Slack,
On his back
I'd lay him as flat as he's now;

'Tis my washing, my lodging, and food,
Ah honey 'twould do your heart good
To be lathered by Patrick O'Row.

III.

There's Johnson, and George, and Big Ben,
Three bruifers that well can rally you,
Though they thumped the three Birmingham men,
Says I, my lads little I value you :

Mendoza and Ward
Can strike hard,
And to stop and put in well know how ;
Nay they're every taef of 'em blood,
Yet honey 'twould do them all good
To be lathered by Patrick O'Row.

IV:

Wid a handful of fellows like these
Britania what glory I'd bring her to ;
Let the Spaniards come on when they please,
Devil burn me we'd teach them a ting or two :

Wid a phalanx of fists
In our lifts,
So nately we'd bodder their giow ;

We'd presently try if they're blood,
Ah honey 'twould do their pride good
To be lathered by Patrick O'Row.

V.

Come all ye tight lads who would earn
True fame, in a possee gather ye,
How your country you'd serve would ye learn,
Just only come here till I lather you :

Oh I'll make you so tight
Left and right,
And each knock-me-down argument know ;
Come here then, and try if you're blood,
Devil burn me 'twill do your hearts good
To be lathered by Patrick O'Row.

BALLAD.

IN THE WAGS.

ADIEU, adieu, my only life,
My honour calls me from thee,
Remember thou'rt a soldier's wife,
Those tears but ill become thee :

What though by duty I am called,
Where thund'ring cannons rattle,
Where valour's self might stand appalled,
When on the wings of thy dear love
To heaven above
Thy fervent orisons are flown,
The tender prayer
Thou put'st up there
Shall call a guardian angel down,
To watch me in the battle.

II.

My safety thy fair truth shall be,
As sword and buckler serving,

My life shall be more dear to me,
Because of thy preserving:

Let peril come, let horror threat,
Let thundering cannons rattle,
I'll fearless seek the conflict's heat,
Assured when on the wings of love
To heaven above, &c.

III.

Enough, with that benignant smile
Some kindred God inspired thee,
Who knew thy bosom void of guile,
Who wondered and admired thee:

I go, assured, my life adieu,
Though thundering cannons rattle,
Though murdering carnage stalk in view,
When on the wings of thy true love
To heaven above, &c.

BALLAD.

IN THE WAGS

I be one of they failors who thinks 'tis no lie
That for every wherefore of life there's a why,
That be fortune's strange weather, a calm or a squall,
Our births good or bad are chalked out for us all ;

That the stays and the braces of life will be found
To be some of 'em rotten and some of 'em sound,
That the good we should cherish, the bad never seek,
For death will too soon bring each anchor a-peak.

II.

When astride on the yard, the top-lifts they let go,
And I com'd, like a shot, plump among 'em below,
Why I cotch'd at a halliãrd, and jump'd upon deck,
And so broke my fall, to save breaking my neck :

Just like your philosophers, for all their jaw,
Who, less than a rope, gladly catch at a straw ;
Thus the good we should cherish, the bad never seek,
For death will too soon bring each anchor a-peak.

III.

Why now that there cruise that we made off the banks,
Where I pepper'd the foe, and got shot for my thanks,
What then she soon struck, and though crippled on
shore,

And laid up to refit, I had shiners galore :

At length live and looking, I tried the false main,
And to get more prize money, got shot at again :
Thus the good we should cherish, the bad never seek,
For death will too soon bring each anchor a-peak.

IV.

Then just as it comes, take the bad with the good,
One man's spoon's made of silver, another's of wood,
What's poison for one man's another man's balm,
Some are safe in a storm, and some lost in a calm,
Some are rolling in riches, some not worth a souse,
To-day we eat beef, and to-morrow lobs-scouse :
Thus the good we should cherish, the bad never seek,
For death will too soon bring each anchor apeak.

BALLAD.

IN THE WAGS.

THE sun's descending in the wave,
I go, I go, my fate to brave:
Ghosts of dead yncas now appear,
Shriek as ye come
Cold from the tomb,
And see if Moniaco knows to fear.

Oh sun my fire!
Lend me all thy noble fire:
Illia Moniaco to thy tomb,
Oh Atabalipa soon shall come;
Cover me with scars,
Nought can controul
The dauntless soul,
That shall live among its kindred stars.

II.

What is't to die? to leave this clay,
And breathe in everlasting day,

For robes celestial shake off dust,
Among the blest
From care to rest,
And emulate the virtues of the just :

Then sun, my fire,
Lend me all thy noble fire,
Illia Moniaco, &c.

III.

Adieu ye friends, vain world adieu,
Bliss is for me, but woe for you ;
While I, new born, shall go to find
The upper heaven,
You shall be driven,
Like scattered chaff, before false fortune's wind,
Now sun, my fire,
I feel, I feel thy noble fire !
Illia Moniaco, &c.

BALLAD.

IN THE WAGS.

I was the pride of all the Thames,
My name was natty Jerry,
The best of smarts and flashy dames
I've carried in my wherry :

For then no mortal soul like me
So merrily did jog it,
I lov'd my wife and friend, d'ye see,
And won the prize of Dogget :

In coat and badge, so neat and spruce,
I row'd all blithe and merry,
And every waterman did use
To call me happy Jerry:

II.

But times soon changed, I went to sea,
My wife and friend betrayed me,
And in my absence treacherously
Some pretty frolics played me :

Return'd, I us'd them like a man,
But still 'twas so provoking,
I could not joy my very can,
Nor even fancy smoaking:

In tarnish'd badge, and coat so queer,
No longer blithe and merry,
Old friends now pass'd me with a sneer,
And call'd me dismal Jerry.

III.

At sea, as with a dangerous wound
I lay under the surgeons,
Two friends each help I wanted found
In every emergence:

Soon after my sweet friend and wife
Into this mess had brought me,
These two kind friends who sav'd my life
In my misfortunes sought me.

We're come, cried they, that once again
In coat and badge so merry,
Your kind old friends the watermen
May hail you happy Jerry.

IV.

I'm Peggy, once your foul's desire,
To whom you prov'd a rover,
Who since that time in man's attire
Have fought you the world over,
And I, eried t'other, am that Jack
When boys you used so badly,
Though now the best friend to your back,
Then prithee look not sadly;
Few words are best, I seiz'd their hands,
My grateful heart grew merry,
And now in love and friendship's bands
I'm once more happy Jerry.

BALLAD.

IN THE WAGS.

BOLD Jack the sailor, here I come;
Pray how d'ye like my nib,
My trowsers wide, my trampers rum,
My nab, and flowing jib;

I sails the seas from end to end,
And leads a joyous life,
In every mess I finds a friend,
In every port a wife.

II.

I've heard them talk of constancy,
Of grief, and such like fun,
I've constant been to ten, cried I,
But never grieved for one:

The flowing sails we tars unbend,
To lead a jovial life,
In every mess to find a friend,
In every port a wife.

III

I've a spanking wife at Portsmouth gates,
A pigmy at Goree,
An orange-tawny up the straits,
A black at St. Lucie:

Thus whatsomever course I bend,
I leads a jovial life,
In every mess I find a friend,
In every port a wife.

IV:

Will Gaft by Death was ta'en aback,
I came to bring the news,
Poll wimper'd fore, but what did Jack?
Why, stood in William's shoes:
She cut, I chafed, but in the end
She loved me as her life,
And fo she got an honeft friend
And I a loving wife.

V:

Thus be we failors all the go,
On fortune's fea we rub,
We works, and loves, and fights the foe,
And drinks the generous bub:
Storms that the maff to fplinters rend,
Can't fshake our jovial life,
In every mefs we finds a friend,
In every port a wife.

I.

BALLAD.

IN THE WAGS.

LET bucks and let bloods to praise London agree,
Oh the joys of the country my jewel for me;
Where sweet is the flower that the May-bush adorns,
And how charming to gather it but for the thorns:

Where we walk o'er the mountains, with health our
cheeks glowing,

As warm as a toast honey when it 'ent snowing,
Where nature to smile when she joyful inclines,
And the sun charms us all the yearround when it shines:

Oh the mountains, and vallies, and bushes,
The pigs, and the screech-owls, and thrushes,
Let bloods and let bucks to praise London agree,
Oh the joys of the country my jewel for me!

II.

There twelve hours on a stretch we in angling delight,
As patient as Jobs, though we get ne'er a bite,
There we pop at the wild ducks, and frighten the crows,
While so lovely the icicles hang to our cloaths;

There wid aunts, and wid cousins, and grandmothers
talking,

We're caught in the rain as we're all out a walking,
While the muslins and gauzes cling round each fair she,
That they look all like Venuses sprung from the sea.

Oh the mountains, &c:

III.

Then how sweet in the dog days to take the fresh air,
Where, to save you expence, the dust powders your
hair:

Thus pleasures, like snow-balls, encrease as they roll,
And tire you to death—not forgetting the bowl;

Where in mirth and good fellowship always delighting,
We agree, that is when we're not squabbling and fight-
ing,

Den wid toasts and pint bumpers we bodder the head,
Just to see who most gracefully staggers to bed.

Oh the mountains, &c.

BALLAD.

IN THE WAGS.

HARK the din of distant war,
How noble is the clangor,
Pale death ascend his ebon car,
Clad in terrific anger :

A doubtful fate the soldier tries
Who joins the gallant quarrel :
Perhaps on the cold ground he lies,
No wife no friend to close his eyes,
Though nobly mourn'd,
Perhaps, return'd,
He's crown'd with victory's laurel.

II.

How many who, disdain'g fear,
Rush on the desperate duty,
Shall claim the tribute of the tear
That dims the eye of beauty ?

A doubtful fate, &c.

III.

What nobler fate can fortune give?
Renown shall tell our story
If we should fall, but if we live,
We live our country's glory.
'Tis true a doubtful fate, &c.

BALLAD.

IN THE WAGS.

If the beauty of truth unadorn'd is seen best,
The man that is drunk of fair truth is the test;
For liquor man's natural temper assumes,
While every thing artful flies off with the fumes;

The vizer of life is pull'd off by the bowl,
And the face of a drunkard exhibits his soul:
Then beware all who are in rascality sunk,
You'll all be detected if once you get drunk.

II.

If contempt of all danger true courage e'er gave,
 The man that is drunk as a lion is brave;
 For, like any Cæsar he'll riot and storm,
 And talk of great feats he's too weak to perform;

He'll utter big oaths, know not what to be at,
 Thump his head with his fist, but there's nothing in that;
 Then beware braggadociaes, in cowardice funk—
 You'll all be detected if once you get drunk.

III

If strong ipse dixit true wisdom implies,
 The man that is drunk is like Solomon wise;
 For of cocks and of bulls he'll tell many a tale,
 And swear to the truth of 'em rather than fail.

He'll reconcile opposites, prove false is true,
 Vouch he does not know what of he does not know who;
 Then beware all ye varlets in falsity funk,
 You'll all be detected if once you get drunk.

II.

Come on, let us drink then, right conscious the bowl
 In each rosy cheek though it light up the soul,

Can nothing of worldly deformity shew,
Nor prove that we ought but with honesty glow;

'Tis the ordeal of truth, and of gen'rous delight,
Which, to keep us all honest we'll try every night,
Proving still by our acts in no meanness we're sunk,
But true honest friends whether sober or drunk.

BALLAD.

IN THE WAGS.

THE wind was hush'd, the storm was over,
Unfurl'd was every flowing sail,
From toil releas'd, when Dick of Dover
Went with his messmates to regale;

All danger's o'er, cried he, my neat hearts,
Drown care then in the smiling can,
Come bear a hand, let's toast our sweethearts,
And first I'll give my buxom Nan.

II.

She's none of those that's a'ways giggling,
And stem and stern made up of art;

One knows a vessel by her rigging,
Such ever flight a constant heart :

With straw hat and pink streamers flowing,
How oft to meet me has she ran :
While for dear life would I be rowing,
To meet with smiles my buxom Nan.

III.

Jack Jollyboat went to the Indies,
To see him stare when he came back,
The girls were so all off the hinges,
His Poll was quite unknown to Jack :

Tant mast'd all, to see who's tallest,
Breast works, top gant-sails, and a fan;
Mefsmate, cried I, more sail than ballast,
Ah still give me my buxom Nan.

IV.

None on life's sea can sail more quicker,
To shew her love, or serve a friend,
But hold, I'm preaching o'er my liquor,
This one word then, and there's an end :

Of all the wenches whatfomedever,
I say, then find me out who can

One half so tight, so kind, so clever,
Sweet, trim, and neat as buxom Nan.

BALLAD.

IN THE WAGS.

LOVELY woman, pride of nature,
Good, and sweet, and kind, and fair,
Than man a higher stile of creature,
Perfect as celestials are:

See Myra come, like stately Juno,
Ever fair and ever young,
Completely like, as I and you know,
For Myra, like Juno, has a tongue.

II.

Young Celia's charms that beam so sweetly,
To paint ah what can words avail,
She's Venus' self, and so completely,
That Celia is, like Venus, frail.

To woo the charming Gloriana,
Audacity would stand afraid;
She chaste and icy as Diana,
And, like Diana, an old maid.

III.

Thus women boast a near relation,
'Tis plain to the celestial race,
Thus we of their divine creation
A family resemblance trace:
If then some faults of this complexion
Like spots upon that sun, their fame,
Rust this same model of perfection,
The stars, not women, are to blame.

BALLAD.

IN THE WAGS.

Two real tars, whom duty called
To watch in the foretop,
Thus one another overhaul'd,
And took a cheering drop :

I say Will Hatchway, cried Tom Tow,
Of conduct what's your sort,
As through the voyage of life you go,
To bring you safe to port?

II.

Cried Jack, you lubber don't you know?
Our passions close to reef,
To steer where honour points the prow,
To hand a friend relief :

These anchors get but in your power,
My life for't that's your sort;
The bower, the sheet, and the best bower
Shall bring you up in port.

III.

Why then you're out, and there's an end,
Tom cried out blunt and rough,
Be good, be honest, serve a friend,
Be maxims well enough ;

Who swabs his bows at other's woe,
That tar's for me your sort,
His vessel right a head shall go
To find a joyful port.

IV.

Let storms of life upon me press,
Misfortunes make me reel,
Why, dam'me what's my own distress ?
For others let me feel :

Ay, ay, if bound with a fresh gale
To heaven, this is your sort,
A handkerchief's the best wet sail
To bring you safe to port.

BALLAD:

IN THE WAGS.

I'M dashing Dick the dustman,
 None my calling can degrade,
 For I am not the first man
 Who has driv'n a dirty trade :
 Dust ho! dust ho! I rings my bell and cries,
 My tricks, if you would find 'em,
 Pretty early you must rise,
 For watch me still
 Howe'er you will
 I bears off many a prize,
 And when I wants to blind 'em
 I throws dust in their eyes.

II.

Why what's your man of honour?
 And what's your madam fame?
 A jilt when he has won her
 That proves a dirty name :
 Victory! victory! each draws his sword and cries,
 In the midst of slaughter find him,

See where the savage flies,
He spares no life,
Nor friend, nor wife,
Where'er he finds a prize,
Till death at last, to blind him,
Throws dust in his eyes.

III.

The lawyer, the physician,
And e'en the learn'd divine,
Each drives, in his condition,
As black a trade as mine :

Fees ho ! fees ho ! each draws his purse and cries,
Their consciences can't bind 'em,
The wretched patient dies,
All prayers fail,
While in a jail
The ruin'd client lies,
Unless you throw to blind 'em
Gold dust in their eyes.

IV.

And so d'ye see men bustle
To see who's d'rtty first,
And one another hustle,
And all to raise the dust :

Dust ho! dust ho! each draws his purse and cries,
And he old Nick behind him
Will take, to mount up tries,
All scrambling go,
Both friend and foe,
To bear away some prize,
And each throws dust to blind him
Plump in his neighbour's eyes.

BALLAD.

IN THE WAGS:

If bold and brave thou can't not bear
Thyself from all thou lov'st to tear,
If, while winds war, and billows roll,
A spark of fear invade thy soul,
If thou'rt appall'd when cannons roar,
I prithee messmate stay ashore,
There, like a lubber,
Whine and blubber,
Still for thy ease and safety bus',

Nor dare to come
Where honest Tom,
And Ned, and Nick,
And Ben, and Phil,
And Jack, and Dick,
And Bob, and Bill,
All weathers sing, and drink the swizzy.

II.

If, should'st thou lose a limb in fight,
She who made up thy heart's delight,
Poor recompence that thou art kind,
Shall prove inconstant as the wind,
If such hard fortune thou'st deplore,
I prithee messmate stay ashore :

There like a lubber, &c.

III

If pri's'ner in a fore'gn land,
No friend, no money at command,
That man thou trusted hadst a'one
All knowledge of thee should disown ;
If this should vex thee to the core,
I prithee messmate stay ashore.

There like a lubber, &c.

BALLAD.

IN THE WAGS.

WHY don't you know me by my scars?
I'm so'd'ier Dick come from the wars;
Where many a head without a hat
Crowds honour's bed—but what of that?

Beat drums, play fifes, 'tis glory calls,
What argues who stands or falls;
Lord what should one be sorry for?
Life's but the fortune of the war:
Then rich or poor, or well or sick,
Still laugh and sing shall soldier Dick.

II.

I used to look two ways at once,
A bullet hit me on the scone,
And dowsh'd my eye d'ye think I'd wince?
Why lord I've never squinted since.

Beat drums, &c.

III.

Some distant keep from war's alarms,
For fear of wooden legs and arms,
While others die safe in their beds
Who all their lives had wooden heads.

Beat drums, &c. *L*

IV.

Thus gout or fever, sword or shot,
Or something sends us all to pot :
That we're to die then do not grieve,
But let's be merry while we live.

Beat drums, &c.

BALLAD.

IN THE WAGS:

AVERT yon omen, gracious heaven,
 The ugly scud,
 By rising winds resistless driven,
 Kisses the flood.

How hard the lot for sailors cast,
 That they should roam
 For years, to perish thus at last
 In fight of home!

For if the coming gale we mourn,
 A tempest grows,
 Our vessel's shatter'd so, and torn,
 That down she goes!

II.

The tempest comes, while meteors red
 Portentous fly;
 And now we touch old ocean's bed,
 Now reach the sky!

On sable wings, in gloomy flight,
Fiends seem to wait,
To snatch us in this dreadful night,
Dark as our fate :

Unless some kind, some pitying pow'r
Should interpose,
She labours so, within this hour
Down she goes.

III.

But see, on rosy pinions borne,
O'er the mad deep,
Reluctant beams the sorr'wing morn,
With us to weep :

Deceitful sorrow, cheerless light,
Dreadful to think,
The morn is ris'n, in endless night
Our hopes to sink !

She splits ! she parts !—through sluices driven,
The water flows ;
Adieu ye friends, have mercy heaven !
For down she goes !

BALLAD.

IN THE WIGS.

Good people attend to my lay,
I sing of a late inundation,
That had like to have carried away
All the wigs and long robes in the nation:

While thinking of no harm at all,
But a few wretched people's undoing,
Father Thames enter'd Westminster hall,
Threatening all law and justice with ruin.

But let not their terrors these lawyers confound,
The old proverb decrees they can never be drown'd.

II.

Of the fright, universal it spread,
Conception can ne'er form a notion,
Wigs bristled upright on each head,
And counsellors stood without motion:

The tide that for no man will stay,
While the clamour grew louder and louder,

From every tie-wig wash'd away
Common sense, with the curls and the powder.
But why thus should water these lawyers confound,
When the proverb decrees they can never be drown'd?

III

Cries one they're found out in their tricks,
No wonder they put such despair on,
They fancy the Thames is the Styx,
And each old crazy waterman Charon :
That they'll soon before Minos be brought,
Where nought avails twisting and turning,
And where they'll, in this case, be taught
That drowning's an alias for burning.
Yet at no rate should water these lawyers confound,
They may burn to be sure, but they cannot be drown'd.

IV.

And now by the current press'd hard,
Each scrambles to enter some boat in,
While scatter'd all o'er palace-yard,
Wigs, briefs, and long robes are seen floating ;
In this chaos of justice, thieves, clerks,
Jews, counsel the boats are all trimming,

While a sailor cries dam'me these sharks
Are your finest of fishes for swimming.

Then why should their terrors these lawyers confound,
When, whatever awaits them, they cannot be drown'd?

V.

At length safe arrived from the storm,
Without fate or fortune once thanking,
They swore that the city, next term,
They'd indite for the Thames not embanking;

That the wind that blew nobody good-
Was an ill one—thus parted these brothers,
And themselves scarce escaped from the flood,
Went home to brew mischief for others,

And furnish a laugh for the public all round,
That they should fear water who cannot be drown'd.

RONDEAU.

IN THE WAGS.

ONE Negro, wi my banjer,
 Me from Jenny come,
 Wid cunning yiei
 Me savez spy
 De buckra world one hum,
 As troo a street a stranger
 Me my banjer strum.

My missy for one black dog about the house me kick,
 Him say my nassy tawny face enough to make him sick;
 But when my massa he go out, she then no longer rail,
 For first me let the captain in, and then me tell no tale:

So aunt Quashy say,
 Do tabby, brown, or black, or white,
 You see um in one night,
 Every sort of cat be gray.

One Negro, &c.

To fetch a lilly money back, you go to law they call,
 The court and all the tie-wig soon strip you shirt and all,

The courtier call him friend him foe,

And fifty story tell,

To-day say yes, to-morrow no,

And lie like any hell :

And so though Negro black for true,

He black in buckra country too.

One Negro, &c.

BALLAD.

IN THE ODDITIES.

BARDS call themselves a heav'nly race,

Topers find heaven in wine,

We truly boast, who love the chase,

An origin divine.

The deities all hunters are ;

Great Jove, who spends his life

In hunting of the willing fair,

Is hunted by his wife.

Then come and wake the drowsy morn,

While the swift game we follow ;

The feather'd throng and tuneful horn
Shall join the hunter's hollow.

II.

Gay Bacchus, on his tun, that hack,
Toasts for view hollows gives,
While Mercury, with his Bow-street pack,
Scours heav'n to hunt for thieves ;

Bold Mars, a blood hound, hunts for fame,
Nor, till its latest breath,
Will he e'er leave the panting game,
But comes in at the death.

Then come, &c.

III

Diana in her sacred grove
Saw rash Acteon near,
And though she seemed to scorn his love,
She took him for her deer :

Yet vex'd to think this hint so fly
On the fool she could not pass,
From his own hounds she made him fly,
And kill'd him for an ass.

Then come, &c.

IV.

Great Juno, wretched-restless fair,
On jealous fury bent,
Still in full cry is hunting care,
And still on a wrong scent ;

Indeed the fair oft mount their nag,
By the hunting mania struck,
And if Acteon was a stag,
Poor Vulcan was a buck.

Then come, &c.

RONDEAU.

IN THE WAGS.

WHILE whim, and glee, and jest, and song,
Display their charming treasure,
Mingling in gay laughter's throng,
Come to the camp of pleasure.

All human beings have their cares,
Life's made of joy and sorrow ;

To balance life then our affairs
Should of our pleasures borrow :

Youth's joy's season, so is age,
Each temper, sex, complexion,
In mirth may harmlessly engage,
As well as in reflexion.

While whim, &c.

You who proudly roll in wealth;
You whose means are slender,
You whose lungs proclaim your health,
You whose frames are tender ;

You who wear grave wisdom's wigs,
You who deal in folly,
You who merry are as grigs,
You who are melancholy :—

While whim, &c.

Where's mongst them all the cynic elf,
Of joy the open scorner,
But doff'd the sage, and to himself
Took pleasure in a corner ?

In short who sets up to despise
Those joys that mirth awaken,

I will not rudely say he lies,
But surely he's mistaken.

While-whim, &c.

BALLAD.

IN THE WAGS.

SINCE by cutting of trotes all our glories encrease,
Of war let us sing, because why it brings peace :
Of hacking and hewing, in front and in rear,
Of some kilt by the sword, and some dying through fear.

Death alive ! what sweet slaught'ring, and cutting, and scars ?
Is it honour you'd seek, won't you go to the wars ?

Where death his long scythe bathes in gore to the hilt,

And whips heads from shoulders so clever,

And where should you have the good luck to be k'lt,

By my soul you'll be living for ever !

II.

The army's drawn out, the confusion's begun,
 While our arms shine so bright that they dazzle the sun,
 Oh the glorious fight ! but the best of the joke,
 The devil a soul are we seeing but smoak.

Death alive, &c.

III.

Like a Will o' th' Wisp, while our bosoms it fires,
 See glory lead on over bushes and briars ;
 Pass begone, hiccus doxius, just like cup and ball,
 Now 'tis here, and now there, and now no where at all.

Death Alive ! &c.

IV.

That war is delightful then who can deny,
 To be living for ever, ah who would not die ?
 Your fame's up from the moment it puts you to bed,
 And you grow a great man by the loss of your head !

Death Alive ! &c.

SONG.

IN THE WAGS.

To be sure
I'm not a connoisseur,
Arrah will you now be easy :
I don't the op'ra know at all,
And then I have not heard them squall,
From Mingotti to Marchesi !
Wid dere con amore,
Dere il mio cuore,
Dere amorosa,
Dere tormentosa,
Dere occhietti,
Si Furbetti,
Dere amante
Constante,
The padre,
The madre,
The bella,
Sorella,
The moglie, the figlio,
Et tutt' il famigliaio :
The soft John Bull to take by the ears,
To whom this Babel proves the music of the spheres ;

And as they sigh,
 And pant, and die,
 He joins the roar,
 And cries out bravo and encore:

There was silver Lovatini,
 And graceful Zamparini,
 That bawling taef Morigi,
 Who turn'd monkey to oblige ye;
 The mellow Scotti,
 The tender Pachierotti,
 Manzoli, Guarducci,
 Peretti, Tenducci,
 And then, O cara,
 The wonderful and surprising Madam Mara!
 Who pretty well have sack'd the pence,
 And sold the Englitch sound for sense.

To be sure
 I'm not a connoisseur,
 Arrah will you now be aefy;
 I don't the op'ra know at all,
 And then I have not heard them squall,
 From Mingotti to Marchesi!
 With dere con amore,
 Dere il mio cuore,
 Dere amorosa,
 Dere tormentosa,

Dere occhietti,
 Si furbetti,
 Dere amante,
 Costante,
 The padre,
 The madre,
 The bella,
 Sorella,
 The moglie, the figlio,
 Et tutt' il famiglio.

The soft John Bull to take by the ears,
 To whom this Babel proves the music of the spheres!
 And as they go on with their dolce amare,
 Their dolce cantare,

Viva l'amore!

Their trombetti sonate
 Canoni sparate,
 Lara lara la,
 Boo, boo, boo,

Astonish'd John cries out bravo! encore!
 And swears all English music's a vile bore.

BALLAD.

IN THE WAGS.

THE tar's a jolly tar that can hand, reef, and steer,
That can nimbly cast off and belay,
Who in darkest of nights finds each halliard and jeer,
And dead reck'ning knows well and lee way ;

But the tar to please me
More jolly must be,
He must laugh at the waves as they roar;
He must rattle,
And in battle
Brave danger and dying,
Though bullets are flying,
And fifty things more :
Singing, quaffing,
Dancing, laughing,
Take it cherrily,
And merrily,
And all for the sake of his girl ashore.

II.

The tar's a jolly tar who his rhino will spend,
Who up for a messmate will bring,

For we failors all think he that's true to his friend
Will never be false to his king :

But the tar to please me
More jolly must be,
He must venture for money galore ;
Acting duly,
Kind, and truly,
And nobly inherit
A generous spirit,
A prudent one more ;
Singing, laughing,
Dancing, quaffing,
Take it cherrily,
And merrily,
And save up his cash for his girl ashore.

III.

The tar's a jolly tar who loves a beauty bright,
And at sea often thinks of her charms,
Who toasts her with glee on a Saturday night,
And wishes her moor'd in his arms :

But the tar to please me
More jolly must be,
Though teas'd at each port by a f.ore,
He must, sneering
At their leering,

Never study to delight 'em,
 But scorn 'em, and slight 'em,
 Still true to the core ;
 Singing, laughing,
 Dancing, quaffing,
 Take it cherrily,
 And merrily,
 And constant return to his girl ashore.

BALLAD.

IN THE WAGS.

SHENKIN was born in Glamorganshire,
 Odds will her poor heart runs all upon Winny,
 And her't kiss, and her't luff, and her't call her her dear,
 And make her cry Shinkin the tiffle is in you.

Her breath is as sweet as a leek, or a coat's,
 Her's like a blue mountain, so taper and thin,
 Aif her putter and seece would but yield her ten croats,
 To-morrow should see Shinkin married to Win.

II.

When the curate at eve on the crowty playt,
 Oh te choys of her heart, Shenkin danced with his
 Winny,

And hur lufft and telighted so in the teer maid,
 That she patting hur, cried out the tiffle is in you.

You skip like the kits, and you pount like the coats,
 To mollify sure enough I shall bekin,
 Aif your putter and seece wou'd but yield you ten croats,
 To-morrow should see Shenkin married to win.

III.

Ah if her coot urship, great Squire Ap Shones,
 Could see how her's creefing, as sure as a kinny,
 His powels would yearn with her crunts and her croans,
 Ah no he'd himself fall in love with sweet Winny.

Thus Shenkin complain'd, as he drove home his goats,
 While the spuire and his comrades from hunting came
 in,

He heard the fond tale, kindly paid the ten groats,
 And the next morning saw Shenkin married to Win.

BALLAD.

IN THE WAGS.

FAR removed from noise and smoak,
Hark I hear the woodman's stroke,
Who dreams not, as he fells the oak,
What mischief dire he brews :

How art shall shape his falling trees,
For aid of luxury and ease,
He weighs not matters such as these,
But sings, and hacks, and hews.

II.

Perhaps now fell'd by this bo'd man,
That tree shall form the spruce sedan,
Or wheelbarrow, where oyfter Nan
So runs her vulgar rig ;

The stage where boxers crowd in flock,
Or else a quack's, perhaps the stocks,
Or posts for signs, or barber's blocks,
Where smiles the parson's wig.

III

Thou mak'st, bold peasant, oh what grief,
The gibbet on which hangs the thief,
The seat where sits the great Lord Chief,
The throne, the cobbler's stall :

Thou pamper'st life in every stage,
Mak'st folly's whims, pride's equipage,
For children toys, crutches for age,
And coffins for us all.

IV:

Yet justice let us still afford,
These chairs, and this convivial board,
The bin that holds gay Bacchus' hoard,
Confess the woodman's stroke :

He made the press that bled the vine,
The butt that holds the generous wine,
The hall itself, where tipplers join
To crack the mirthful joke.

VAUXHALL BALLAD.

TIME was, for oh there was a time,
 Sweet Phœbe by my side,
 The softest verse I sung in rhyme,
 Where falling pools did glide :

But, Phœbe hence, I'm left alone,
 Nor verse nor rhyme can please,
 And pools stand still to see me moan,
 In whispers through the trees.

II.

The pride of laughing nature stood
 In fertile heaths confessed,
 When birds, in yon impervious wood,
 With Phœbe saw me blest.

But laughing nature's now in tears,
 The heaths begin to mourn,
 Birds hoot in my melodious ears,
 For Phœbe's glad return.

III.

To shun fierce sol's meridian heat,
 Upon yon verdant green,
 How oft, at close of eve, I'd meet
 Sweet Phœbe, beauty's queen :

But, lost the sunshine of her charms,
 The verdant green's all brown,
 And I, with nothing in my arms,
 Lie hard on beds of down.

IV.

Then come sweet fair, and leave behind
 All sorrow, pain, and woe,
 The birds shall smile, and the north wind
 Like Boreas gently blow :

So shall the daisy-mantling green,
 The cowslip-studded brook,
 In fable robes all crimson seen,
 Reflect each azure look.

BALLAD.

IN THE WAGS.

HAVE you heard, my good neighbours, the wonderful
news,

How the French are no longer to wear wooden shoes ?

How the nobles their titles agree to forget ?

And with cobbler and prince 'tis hey fellow well met !

Sing kick down distinction, kick off wooden shoes,

Sing brotherly love betwixt Christians and Jews,

Oh rare, O rare !

Yea and nay, thee and thou,

Is now

All the rage,

The year ninety's the date of the true golden age,

Let every French friseur then die in despair,

For freedom's the word, and a straight head of hair.

II.

The stage for this play, I had almost said farce,

Was of all other places the grand field of Mars,

They erected their castle of liberty there,

Where Mongolfier went up in his castle of air.

Sing kick down distinction, &c.

So substantial's become what was formerly froth,
That they who could never be trusted on oath,
Are now, to the wonder of each other nation,
Like quakers believed on their bare affirmation.

Sing kick down distinction, &c.

IV.

Such virtue as this to the world must be dear,
But woe to us all if it once should come here ;
It transforms the most dressy to so many quakers,
And makes even lords pay their butchers and bakers.

Sing kick down distinction, &c.

V.

Adieu ye fair dames to cards, scandal, and tea,
Adieu Scotch and Welchmen to proud pedigree,
Madam Virtue is coming to lead vice a dance,
And all follow fashions imported from France.

Sing kick down distinction, &c.

VI.

Ye men of the robe your sad fortune deplore,
Burn your wigs, for your foul occupation's no more ;

Fair truth in each action shall find out a flaw,
And justice, turned counsel, shall supercede law.

Sing kick down distinction, &c.

VII.

Then publish the tidings through fame's mighty rolls,
In England, and Lapland, and under the poles,
For men are turn'd angels, and brutes are turn'd men,
And Eden, not Chaos, is come back again.

Sing kick down distinction, &c.

BALLAD.

IN THE WAGS.

So sweet I'll dress my Zootka fair,
Such pretty toys her charms shall deck,
The nails of foes shall grace her hair,
Their eyes and teeth adorn her neck;

A hut I'll build her of catalps,
And sweetly hang it round with scalps,

And as we frantic skip and sing,
 And join to form the mystic ring,
 And cymbals twang,
 And tymbals bang,
 And jump and prance,
 And frisk in wedlock's devious dance,
 We'll drink and yam,
 And make the banjer cry giam, giam.

II.

The rose let Europe's beauties boast,
 Asia the saffron's sickly die,
 Let ebon wives grace Afric's coast :—
 Can these with lovely Zootka vie ?

Her olive cheek the gloss outshines
 That decorates the copper mines—
 Come then, and frantic, &c.

III

Some shave their eyebrows for the fair,
 Others for love pull out their teeth,
 Some by the roots tear up their hair,
 To form a pretty marriage wreath :

My loving fist at Zootka's nose
 Shall aim a hundred tender blows,
 And as they frantic, &c.

RONDEAU.

IN THE WAGS.

In peace, when sprightly drum and fife
Quick marches sweetly play,
Then charming is the soldier's life,
To lounge it all the day :

How different the trade is
From war's destructive call,
He ogles all the ladies,
And dances at the ball.

The fash so sweet a zone is,
So powerful are its charms,
That Mars become Adonis,
Reclines in Venus' arms.

No more upon the dangerous plain
Death grimly stalks abroad,
No more

The gasping and unpitied slain,
Weltering in gore,
For unavailing help implore :

Their spirits issue with a groan,
 Their eyes are closed in endless night,
 Beholders are with horror aw'd,
 And dread a fate, sad fate of woe,
 That soon may be their own.

No time for pity now!—the fight
 Grows hot,
 The trumpet sounds a charge,
 Soldiers and steeds with ardour glow,
 Stern carnage takes the field,
 And traverses his boundaries long and large:
 The word is die or yield,
 And mercy is forgot:—

Such is the dreadful ardour of the war;
 Yet different far
 When all these horrors cease,
 And soldiers taste the joys of smiling peace.

Sweet peace, &c.

The well pack'd column, like a rock,
 While they the war sustain,
 Greatly receive an army's shock,
 The glorious terror of the plain:
 Advancing near,
 The foe is struck aghast,

The panic spreads,
 Pale fear
 Gains on 'em fast;
 To order's post confusion now succeeds,
 And now the front becomes the rear;
 All resolution's gone,
 While wan despair,
 Turn'd gen'ral, to destruction leads 'em on
 They fly,
 Follow the victors cry,
 War's dreadful tempest comes,
 Trumpets and drums,
 Shouts, groans, and thund'ring cannons rend
 the sky!

The banners flutt'ring late in air,
 Now from the bearers grasp are torn,
 And on the spear
 Of victory borne:—

The stroke's decisive!—glutted war,
 Descending from his sanguine car,
 Tired soldiers from their post release,
 To taste the joys of smiling peace.
 Sweet peace, &c.

BALLAD.

IN THE WAGS.

THEY tell me I'm mad—that to cells and straw bedding
 In my crack-brain'd condition 'twere fittest to hie;
 Thus stand'rous reports at each minute are spreading:
 In this world there are thousands far madder than I!

I'd a friend I betray'd, and a mistress I slighted,
 I had power, and I made my dependants my tools:
 In the misery of others I daily delighted;
 And this they call madness—poor ignorant fools!

Why vices like these are but common disasters,
 Decreed to try patience, by wise nature's law;
 Come join then the throng, 'tis a mad world my masters,
 On down some are frantic, and some upon straw.

II.

For the loaves and the fishes eternally craving,
 Now blessing their stars, now arraigning their fate,
 Now fawning, now threat'ning, now fighting, now raving,
 What but madmen inhabit that bedlam the state?

At two to high change but transport a mere stranger,
 Where to cunning superior the subtle Jew yields,

Where always, though safe, the poor nation's in danger,
He would instantly afe if it was not Moorfields.

Is it madness to say then that these are the castors
On which the earth rolls by immutable law ?
Come on, join the throng, 'tis a mad world my masters,
On down some are frantic, and some upon straw.

III.

See that miser who deaf to the soft calls of nature,
And flint to the core, will unkindly refuse,
Though the trifle were life to a poor fellow creature,
To broach that vile hoard he wants spirit to use :
Not grieved for his soul, but his cash, see him dying,
And then see his heir at Hilarity's board,
The curmudgeon lies safe, while his guineas are flying,
For spendthrifts to lavish, and misers to hoard.
Why vices like these, &c.

Let cannons roar loud, burst their sides for the powder,
Let the winds a dread hurricane rattle,
The rough and the pleasant be take as it comes,
And laughs at the storm and the battle :
In a tossing power while Jack puts his trust,
As fortune comes, flying he'll hail her.

RONDEAU.

IN THE WAGS.

JACK dances and sings, and is always content,

In his vows to his lass he'll ne'er fail her,

His anchor's a-trip when his money's all spent—

And this is the life of a sailor.

Alert in his duty, he readily flies

Where winds the tir'd vessel are flinging,

Though sunk to the sea gods, or toss'd to the skies,

Still Jack is found working and singing :

Long side of an enemy, boldly and brave,

He'll with broadside on broadside regale her,

Yet he'll fight to the soul o'er that enemy's grave,

So noble's the mind of a sailor.

Let cannons roar loud, burst their sides let the bombs,

Let the winds a dread hurricane rattle,

The rough and the pleasant he take as it comes,

And laughs at the storm and the battle :

In a fostering power while Jack puts his trust,

As fortune comes, smiling he'll hail her,

Resign'd still and manly, since what must be must,
And this is the mind of a sailor.

Though careless and headlong, if danger should press,
And rank'd 'mongst the free list of rovers,
Yet he'll melt into tears at a tale of distress,
And prove the most constant of lovers :

To rancour unknown, to no passion a slave,
Nor unmanly, nor mean, nor a railer,
He's gentle as mercy, as fortitude brave,
And this is a true English sailor.

BALLAD.

IN THE WAGS.

Blest Friendship hail ! thy gifts possessing.

That happy mortal's rich indeed :

Thou willing giv'st each earthly blessing

To all but those who stand in need :

Thy words are sweet as Hybla's honey,

In accents kind, and mild, and civil;

Flows thy advice :—thou giv'st not money,

For money is the very devil;

And rather than the foul temptation

Should into scrapes thy friend betray,

Difint' rested consideration,

Thou kindly tak'st it all away.

Are his affairs at rack and manger;

Left a bad world thy friend should chouse,

No time for thee to play the stranger,

Thou deign'st to manage all his house ;

To make him thy good pleasure tarry,

To kiss thy feet, to leap o'er sticks,

To run, to hop, to fetch, to carry,

And play a thousand monkey tricks.

Nay, if thy liquorish chops should water,

To ease him of domestic strife,

Thou rid'st him of a flirting daughter,

Or, kinder still, thou steal'st his wife.

Come then, my friend, prevent my pleasure,

And out of doors politeness kick,

With me and mine pray keep no measure,

Drench me with bumpers, make me sick,

My cellar bleed, devour my mutton,

Upon my vitals dine and sup;

Come on thou kind, thou friendly glutton,

Kill, barbecue, and eat me up.

Then, to the last a friend, desert me,

That, wise by dear experience grown,

And having no kind friend to hurt me,

I may at last become my own.

BALLAD.

IN THE WAGS.

WHAT song shall I chant? while I sing Venus sparrows,

Her cestus, her dove,

Shall I hold forth on love?

Source of so many blessings and ills,

On which so many Cupids have blunted their arrows,

And so many poets their quills.

All its pains and its pleasures, its mischiefs and joys,
Have been sung o'er and o'er, by fond girls and vain boys;
Not a single new thought the Pierian spring
On love can inspire:—nor of love will I sing.

While I celebrate uproar, and bottles, and glasses,
That fools think divine,
Shall my song be on wine?
Source of so many surfeits and feasts,
Where so many topers have toasted their lasses,
And so many men become beasts!

Let those describe wine who can drink till they reel,
'Twere folly to write on a theme I can't feel;
How can I, who ne'er drink but what flows from health's
spring,
Find words the delight of a drunkard to sing?

III.

While I celebrate men who all comfort and pleasure
Leave at home for a name,
Shall I descant on fame?
Source of so many murders and woes,
Where so many heroes have plunder'd for treasure,
And so many friends become foes!

110 DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

A stranger to battles, and all their delight,
Fond of peace and its joys, I can't shudder and write:
The best plume that e'er hero bore off from fame's wing
Should not tempt me a scene of such horror to sing.

IV.

What shall be my song? Shall I celebrate riches?
Whose grasp can combine
Love, glory, and wine!
Source of each mortal man's rise and fall;
That thing youth and age, high and low, that bewitches?
A nothing, that comprehends all!
Be the theme these of others, they cannot be mine;—
Till love's led by prudence, by temperance wine,
Till war shall sweet peace, and gold charity, bring,
Reason smiles, and forbids me such folly to sing.

BALLAD.

IN THE WAGS.

BUT perhaps while thus boldly exposing each elf,
A dupe or to passion, or folly, or pelf,
I the critic severest become of myself,
Presuming to hope for your favours—

What is it to me who sings great or sings small,
Or whether knave first every knave likes to call,
Or whose roguish, or honest—Lord nothing at all
But to eke out the crotchets and quavers.

Advice from a lawyer, a smile from his grace,
From a hypocrite treachery, with a smooth face,
From a bishop a blessing, a gamester ames ace,
The public receive for their favours :

Thus in their vocation all earnestly join,
For what should a man circulate but his own coin ?
Let me humbly entreat then you'll not refuse mine,
Though compos'd but of crotchets and quavers.

III.

Every piece is full weight, nor debas'd by vile art,
 Sterling gratitude still will be found in each part,
 The lively impressi^{on} was made on my heart,
 For what less can purchase your favours?
 Thus I fearless submit it to pass through your mint,
 When assay'd, should you find there's no counterfeit in't,
 The stamp of your kind approbation imprint,
 To pass current my crotchets and quavers.

BALLAD.

IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

TIGHT lads have I fail'd with, but none e'er so tightly
 As honest Bill Bobstay, so kind and so true;
 He'd sing like a mermaid, and foot it so lightly,
 The forecassle's pride, and delight of the crew.
 But poor as a beggar, and often in tatters
 He went, though his fortune was kind without end;
 For money, cried Bill, and them there sort of matters,
 What's the good on't, d'ye see, but to succour a
 friend.

II.

There's Nipcheese the purser, by grinding and squeez-
ing,

First plund'ring, then leaving, the ship like a rat,
The eddy of fortune stands on a stiff breeze in,
And mounts, fierce as fire, a dog-vane in his hat.

My bark, though hard storms on life's ocean should
rock her,

Though the roll in misfortune, and pitch end for end,
No, never shall Bill keep a shot in the locker,
When by handing it out, he can succour a friend.

III.

Let them throw out their wipes, and cry, 'spight of
' their crosses,

' And forgetful of toil that so hardly they bore,
' That sailors, at sea, earn their money like horses,
' To squander it idly like asses ashore.'

Such lubbers their jaw would coil up, could they mea-
sure,

By their feelings, the gen'rous delight without end
That gives birth in us tars to that truest of pleasure,
The handing our rhino to succour a friend.

IV.

Why what's all this nonsense they talks of, and pother,
 About rights of man? What a plague are they at?
 If they means that each man to his messmate's a bro-
 ther,
 Why the lubberly swabs, ev'ry fool can tell that.
 The rights of us Britons we know's to be loyal,
 In our country's defence our last moments to spend,
 To fight up to the ears to protect the blood royal,
 To be true to our wives, and to succour a friend.

RONDEAU.

IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

BEAUTY I sell, who'll buy? who'll buy?
 Roses and lilies girls, here am I:
 Neither black, brown, nor fair, shall have cause for
 complaint,
 They shall all look like angels, and all without paint:
 Who'll buy? who'll buy?
 Here am I.

Come maids and be beautiful, easy's the task,
 Use this rouge newly taken from modesty's mask ;
 As it blooms shall fair truth shew your heart in the
 flush,
 And duty's enamel shall polish the blush.
 For duty gives charms that will last all your lives :
 None but dutiful daughters make beautiful wives.

Beauty I sell, &c.

Now's your time, all ye wives, would ye beautiful
 grow,

Draw some drops from content's lucid fount as they
 flow ;

Take the mildness of love, throw away all the art,
 Mix these in endearment's alembic, the heart,
 Let the fire of attention the whole gently boil,
 Then add nature's best gloss, a perpetual smile.

Beauty I sell, &c.

Come round me, I've wares for maid, widow, and
 wife :

This essence of truth to the eyes gives a life,
 This tincture of sweetness shall lilies disclose,
 And from this, virtue's balm, shall spring beauty's
 best rose ;

Then, while art's in fashion, how can you refuse
That which nature and reason permit you to use?

Beauty I sell, &c.

BALLAD:

IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

To the plain, to the plain, hark! hark we are sum-
mon'd away;

The birds with new notes thrill the heart, through
the ear;

Trees and flowers a fresh liv'ry have put on to-day,
And the sun with new glory begins his career!

Some splendid occasion Arcadia invites

To the court of its lov'd, its illustrious lord,

Where, while pleasures and sports blend their various
delights,—

Plenty empties her well-loaded horn on the board.

What, what can it mean?

For our hearts' king and queen

May just fate thus each day some new pleasure pre-
pare :

The sports are begun !

'Tis the nuptials propitious of Fred'rick their son,
And the song, and the dance, and the clarion so loud,
And those acclamations we hear from the crowd,
All hail the royal pair.

II.

Now louder it grows ! 'tis the bridegroom and bride ;

What loyalty rent the glad air as it rung !

He a mars in his car, Venus she, by his side ;

He a hero, and she from a hero's race sprung.

Venus here finds her court : three sweet Graces are
seen,

Than Cytherea more lovely, more mild than her
dove,

The fair stranger to hail, in their hearts to reign queen,

Each a sister in beauty, a sister in love :

And see the glad throng,

For the dance and the song

With eager respectful affection prepared

The sports are begun,

George sanctions the nuptials of Frederick his son,

While the song, &c.

III.

Again a loud burst! What new shouts rend the air?
A fond brother a bride to a fond brother gives;
While a father, a mother, a progeny rare,
Each alike imparts transport, and transport receives.

Long, long may their joys in a tide of love flow,
Pure, unmix'd from the conjugal fount whence they
spring:

The first title of human perfection we know
Is the parent whose virtues illustrate the king.

And see the glad throng,
For the dance and the song
With eager respectful attention prepare!

The sports are begun,
George sanctions the nuptials of Fred'rick his son:
While the song, &c.

BALLAD.

IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

I that once was a ploughman, a sailor am now,
No lark that, aloft in the sky,
Ever flutter'd his wings to give speed to the plough,
Was so gay or so carelefs as I:

But my friend was a carfindo aboard a king's ship,
And he ax'd me to go just to sea for a trip,
And he talk'd of such things,
As if failors were kings,
And so teasing did keep,
That I left my poor plough, to go ploughing the deep;
No longer the horn
Call'd me up in the morn,
I trusted the carfindo and the inconstant wind,
That made me for to go and leave my dear behind.

11.

I did not much like for to be aboard a-ship;
When in danger there's no door to creep out:
I liked the jolly tars, I liked bumbo and slip,
But I did not like rocking about:

By and by comes a hurricane, I did not like that ;
Next a battle, that many a sailor laid flat :
Ah, cried I, who would roam
That like me had a home ?
Where I'd sow, and I'd reap,
Ere I left my poor plough, to go ploughing the deep :
Where sweetly the horn
Call'd me up in the morn,
Ere I trusted the carfindo and the inconstant wind,
That made me for to go, and leave my dear behind.

III.

At last safe I landed, and in a whole skin,
Nor did I make any long stay,
Ere I found by a friend, whom I ax'd for my kin,
Father dead, and my wife ran away :
Ah who but thyself, said I, hast thou to blame,
Wives losing their husbands, oft lose their good name ;
Ah why did I roam,
When so happy at home,
I could sow, and could reap,
Ere I left my poor plough, to go ploughing the deep !
When so sweetly the horn
Call'd me up in the morn :
Curse light upon the carfindo and the inconstant wind,
That made me for to go and leave my dear behind.

17.

Why if that be the case, said this very same friend,

And you ben't no more minded to roam,

Gis a shake by the fist, all your care's at an end,

Dad's alive, and your wife safe at home!

Stark staring with joy, I leapt out of my skin,

Buss'd my wife, mother, sister, and all of my kin;

Now, cried I, let them roam.

Who want a good home;

I am well, so I'll keep,

Nor again leave my plough to go ploughing the deep:

Once more shall the horn

Call me up in the morn,

Nor shall any damn'd carfindo, nor the inconstant wind,

E'er tempt me for to go, and leave my dear behind.

BALLAD.

IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

THE peasant, in his humble cot,
 The Ethiope on the sandy Nile,
 The mole-like Laplander, whose grof
 Boasts little genial nature's smile :

These, blest with virtue, are not poor ;
 Her cheering voice such thrilling comfort brings,
 It throws around the thatch obscure
 A joy that shames the palaces of kings.

II.

Oh virtue, sorrowing man's relief,
 In pity by kind heaven sent,
 That tear'ft away the thorn of grief,
 And plant'ft instead the rose content !—

Thy smallest spark such lustre owns,
 With it such truth and dignity it brings,
 It throws obscurity on thrones,
 And beams to dim the diadem of kings !

BALLAD.

IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

WHY good people all, at what do you pry?
Is't the stump of my arm, or my leg?
Or the place where I lost my good-looking eye?
Or is it to see me beg?

Lord love you hard fortune is nothing at all;
And he's but a fool and a dunce
Who expects, when he's running full butt 'gainst a wall,
Not to get a good rap on the scone.

If beg, borrow, or steal, be the choice of mankind,
Surely I choose the best of the three;
Besides, as times go, what a comfort to find
That in this bad world there's some charity.

II.

For a soldier I lifted, to grow great in fame,
And be shot at for sixpence a day;
Lord help the poor poultry wherever I came,
For how could I live on my pay?

I went to the wars, to fight the king's foes,
 Where the bullets came whistling by,
 Till they swiv'led three ribs, broke the bridge of my nose,
 Queer'd my napper, and knock'd out my eye:
 Well what of all this, I'd my legs and my arms,
 And at Chelsea to lay up was free,
 Where my pipe I could smoak, talk of battles and
 storms,
 And blefs his good majesty's charity.

III.

But thinking it shameful to live at my ease,
 Away, while the frolic was warm,
 In search of good fortune, I sails the salt seas,
 And so loses my leg and my arm:
 With two strings to my bow, I now thought myself
 sure,
 But such is the fortune of war,
 As a lobster at Greenwich they shew'd me the door,
 At Chelsea they call'd me a tar:—
 So falling to nothing between these two stools,
 I, the whole world before me, was free
 To ask comfort from misers, and pity from fools,
 And live on that air, men's charity.

17.

And what now of all this here patter at last,

How many who hold their heads high,

And in fashion's fine whirligig fly round so fast,

Are but beggars as well as I

The courtier he begs for a snug sinecure,

For a smile beg your amorous elves,

Churchwardens hand the plate, and beg round for the
poor,

Just to pamper and fatten themselves :

Thus we're beggars throughout the whole race of man-
kind,

As by daily experience we see;

And, as times go, what a comfort to find

That in this bad world there's some charity.

BALLAD.

IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

SWEET sung the lark, high pois'd in air,
When on as sweet a morn,

In Hymen's fane, one fate to share,
Anna and I were sworn.

Sweetly the thrush, in varied song,

The vacant joy encreas'd,
When kindly came the village throng
To join the marriage feast.

But sweeter sang the nightingale,

Love's herald of the grove,
When Cynthia, through the silver vale,
Led to the bow'r of love!

II.

The lark's sweet morning song of joy

Is known by that content
A lovely girl and blooming boy
Are given us to cement :

The thrush still merrily at noon
 In varied cadence sings,
 When smiling fortune oft some boon,
 To cheer our labour, brings ;
 Nor, time far distant, shall we grieve,
 Though blessing now and blest,
 When philomel, at nature's eye,
 Shall lull us into rest.

BALLAD.

IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

DEAR John prithee tell me, cried Ruth,
 To Gubbins, her husband, one day,
 Dost not think, in good sooth,
 I should swear but the truth
 Did I swear what I'm going to say ?
 That wedlock's a state,
 In good humour, that fate
 Contriv'd to bless woman and man,

And that Giles here's an ass,
 Who such fortune lets pass?
 All should marry as soon as they can.

II.

Why Goody, cried Gubbins, you know
 My thoughts of the thing 'fore to day,
 Nor, as I shall shew,
 Need one many miles go
 To prove what I'm going to say.

Did wives ever scold,
 Were they ugly, or old,
 A spouse were a miserable man;
 But smooth is their tongue,
 They're all comely and young!
 Giles get married as soon as you can.

III.

If one's children one wish'd in their graves,
 Still plaguing one day after day,
 The girls fashion's slaves,
 The boys puppies and knaves,
 One then might have something to say;

But brats are no evil,
 They ne'er play the devil,
 Nor have wives from their duty e'er ran,
 Then since, my friend Giles,
 Wedlock greets you with smiles,
 Get married as soon as you can.

IV.

Cried Ruth, will you let your tongue run?

Here you scurvy old villain I rule!
 Rogues there are, said the son,
 But, old Quiz, am I one?

Cried the daughter, my father's a fool!
 Don't you see, Gubbins cried,
 I've the tenderest bride,
 And best children that ever blest man!
 Giles, would you be driven
 To bedlam or heaven,
 Get married as soon as you can!

BALLAD.

IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

Won't you hail the leap year, by that am'rous rogue
Janus

Once in ev'ry four times consecrated to Vanus?

Oh the fine lovely season for frolic and sporting,

When the men are made love to, and girls go a court-
ing!

Then come round me, dear creatures, and frolic and
frisk it,

And dance it, and whisk it,

Sing smalliliow, batheshin, ah arroo Pat!

(To be sure dere won't be some fine fun and gig going
forward!)

Faith and conscience and you may say dat.

II.

Mister Vanus come put on a sculine air,

Throw yourself on your knees, curse your stars. lie and
swear;

Perfection, says you, to your beauty's a quiz,

Cries Miss Mars, do you love me? I do, damme, whiz!

Then come round me, dear creatures, and frolic and
frisk it,

And dance it, and whisk it,

Sing smalliliow, batheshin, ah arroo Pat!

(To be sure dere won't be fine fighing, and dying—
fait and lying too!)

Fait and conscience and you may say dat.

III.

Rich young ladies of sixty, new born to love's joys,

Shall hobble, and mumble their courtship to boys;

Girls shall court from the shiners of old men assistance,

With their eye on a handsome tight lad in the distance!

Then come round me, dear creatures, and frolic and
frisk it,

And dance it, and whisk it,

Sing smalliliow, batheshin, ah arroo Pat!

(To be sure they won't make the best use of their
time honey)

Fait and conscience and you may say dat.

IV.

Miss Maypole shall stoop to the arms of an imp,

And the tall Lady Gawky shall court my Lord Shrimp,

Miss Pigmy shall climb round the neck of a tall man,

And the rich widow Mite court a big Irish jolman.

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Then come round me, dear creatures, and frolic and
frisk it,

And dance it, and whisk it,

Sing smalliliow, batheshin, ah arroo Pat!

(To be sure the little devils won't ogle as if they had
not an hour to live!)

Fait and conscience and you may say dat.

V.

Miss Champanfy, whose monkey has so many charms,

Of a fine powder'd coxcomb shall rush to the arms;

To court Mister Sciatic Miss Spasm shall hop,

And Miss Cheveux-de-frize shall address Mr. Crop!

Then come round me, dear creatures, and frolic and
frisk it,

And dance it, and whisk it,

Sing smalliliow, batheshin, ah arroo Pat!

(To be sure the bold little devils won't put the fellows
in a fine flusteration!)

Fait and conscience and you may say dat.

VI.

Thus you've nothing to do jolman all but sit still,

And fait every Jack will soon find out a Jill;

Come on ye bold devils, swear, lie, and make speeches,

'Tis leap year, and the petticoats govern the breeches!

Then come round me, dear creatures, and frolic and
frisk it,

And dance it, and whisk it,

Sing smalliliow, batheshin, ah arroo Pat !

(Ah the dear creatures ! to be sure they won't cut a
comical figure when they are dressed in their
inexpressibles !)

Fait and conscience and you may say dat.

BALLAD:

IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

LET sons of sloth dream time away,

Regardless what may follow,

And rail at us who wake the day

With horn, and hound, and hollow :

We their pursuits should find the same,

To their secrets were we privy,

Each man to hunt some favourite game

Through life goes on tantivy.

II.

The book-worm hunts the ancient schools,
And walks with Aristotle;
Black-legs and ladies hunt for fools,
The toper hunts his bottle.

Thus should we find, whate'er the name,
To their secrets were we privy,
Mankind to hunt, &c.

III.

When doctors come in at the death,
For true bred hunters these are,
The patient cries, with his last breath,
"Et tu Brute! then fall Cæsar."

Thus we with safety might proclaim,
To their secrets were we privy,
Mankind to hunt, &c.

IV.

The misanthrope hunts out for woes,
Muck-worms are gold pursuing,
While neck and nothing, as he goes,
The spendthrift hunts his ruin.

Bold tars for honour hunt the wind,
 Outrageous saints hunt sinners,
 While with round belly, capon-lined,
 Fat aldermen hunt dinners.

Thus should we find men's views the same,
 To their secrets were we privy,
 All, all to hunt, &c.

VI.

Fame courtiers hunt from place to place,
 Rakes hunt new sets of features,
 While generous hearts urge on the chase,
 To relieve their fellow creatures :

Let us, while to our action's aim
 Regardless who are privy,
 In chase of pleasure, as fair game,
 Through life go on tantivy.

BALLAD.

IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

Poor Peggy lov'd a foldier lad
 More, far more, than tongue can tell ye,
 Yet was her tender bosom sad
 Whene'er she heard the loud reveilez :

The fies were screech-owls to her ears,
 The drums like thunder seem'd to rattle,
 Ah too prophetic were her fears,
 They call'd him from her arms to battle :

There wonders he against the foe
 Perform'd, and was with laurels crown'd,
 Vain pomp ! for soon death laid him low,
 On the cold ground.

II.

Her heart all love, her soul all truth,
 That none her fears or flight discover,
 Poor Peg, in guise a comely youth,
 Follow'd to the field her lover :

Directed by the fife and drum
To where the work of death was doing,
Where of brave hearts the time was come,
Who, seeking honour, grasp at ruin.

Her very soul was chill'd with woe,
New horror came in every sound,
And whisper'd death had lain him low
On the cold ground.

III.

With mute affliction as she stood,
While her woman's fears confound her,
With terror all her soul subdued,
A mourning train came thronging round her :

The plaintive fife and muffled drum
The martial obsequies discover,
His name she heard, and cried I come,
Faithful to meet my murder'd lover !

Then heart-rent by a sigh of woe,
Fell, to the grief of all around,
Where death had laid her lover low,
On the cold ground !

That none her fears or sighs discover,
Poor Peg, in grief a lonely youth,
Follow'd to the field her lover !

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BALLAD:

IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

MANKIND all get drunk, ay and womankind too,

As by proof I shall presently shew you:

See that upstart, to power who unworthily grew,
With good fortune so drunk he don't know you.

Then round with the bowl, the tree's known by its
trunk;

'Tis not liquor our natures can vary;

And pow'r as completely can make a man drunk
As claret, or sack, or canary.

II.

Why reels that poor wretch? Why his eyes does he
roll?

Why mutter and storn in that fashion?

What wine has he drank? How oft emptied the bowl?

Not at all sir, the man's in a passion!

Then round with the bowl, the tree's known by its
trunk,

'Tis not liquor our natures can vary,

And passion as easy can make mortals drunk
As claret, or sack, or canary.

See that whimsical creature, now cry, and now laugh,

Now rave, and now storm, and now fidget!
He's not drunk sir, for all he's so like a great calf,
'Tis jealousy makes him an idiot!

Then round with the bowl, the tree's known by its
trunk,

'Tis not liquor our natures can vary,
And love as completely can make a man drunk
As claret, or sack, or canary.

IV.

See those beautiful creatures like angels come on,
Form'd us fellows to keep to our tether,
Say, 'ent it a pity they all are half gone?
Not with wine, but a cap and a feather!

Then round with the bowl, the tree's known by its
trunk,

'Tis not liquor our natures can vary,
And fashion as easy can make ladies drunk
As claret, or sack, or canary.

Thus passion, or power, or whim, or caprice,
 Poor mortals can make non se ipse ;
 We swill like a sponge, or a mayor at a feast,
 The men drunk, and the ladies all tipsy ;
 Then round with the bowl, the trees known by its
 trunk,
 'Tis not liquor our nature can vary,
 And folly as easy can make mortals drunk
 As claret, or sack, or canary !

BALLAD.

IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

I've sail'd round the world without fear or dismay,
 I've seen the wind foul, and I've seen the wind fair,
 I've been wounded, and shipwreck'd, and trick'd of my
 pay,
 But a brave British sailor should never despair.
 And if how he would right me, I should not despair.

II.

When in a French prison I chanced for to lie,
With no light from the heavens, and scarce any air,
In a dungeon, instead of in battle, to die,
Was dismal I own, but I did not despair.

III.

But Lord this is nothing:—my poor upper works
Got shatter'd, and I was obliged to repair;
I've been shot by the French, and a slave amongst the
Turks,
But a brave British sailor should never despair.

IV.

But for all these misfortunes, I'd yet cut a dash,
Laid snug up my timbers, and never known care,
If the agent had not ran away with the cash,
And so many brave fellows plung'd into despair.

V.

So coming long side of our bold royal tar,
I told him the rights on't, for why should I care,
Of my wrongs and my hardships, and wounds in the
wars,
And if how he would right me, I should not despair.

VI.

Says his highness, says he, such ill treatment as thine
Is a shame, and henceforward thy fortune's my care;
So now blessings on him sing out me and mine,
And thus British seamen should never despair.

VII.

So straightway he got it made into a law,
That each tar of his rhino should have his full share,
And so agents, d'ye see, may coil up their slack jaw,
For the duke is our friend, and we need not despair.

VIII.

Then push round the grog, though we face the whole
world,
Let our royal tar's pennant but fly in the air,
And the sails of our navy again be unfurl'd,
We'll strike wond'ring nations with awe and despair.

BALLAD.

IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

DAPPER Ted Tattoo is my natty name,

For a roll, or a trevally,

Among the girls loud sounds my fame,

When I their quarters rally,

For with fife and drum

I smirking come,

Leer, cock my hat,

Swear, and all that,

Nor ever dread

A broken head.

Where the cause of strife's a doxy

But as for wars,

And wounds, and scars,

And fighting foes,

And thumps, and blows,

I'd rather fight by proxy.

II.

When chiefs and privates mingled lie,

And gasp without assistance,

In baggage waggon, perch'd up, I
Stand umpire at a distance :

And with fife and drum

I smirking come,

'Mongst soldier's wives,

Who lead merry lives,

Nor ever dread

A broken head

Where the cause of strife's a doxy ;

Let their husbands go,

And, 'gainst the foe

Gain glory's scars

In honour's wars ;

I'd rather fight by proxy.

III.

Yet think ye I am not renowned

In foreign wars and civil,

Why, fir, when safe at home and sound,

Zounds I could fight the devil.

And with fife and drum

Can smirking come,

And cock my hat,

Leer, and all that,

Nor ever dread

A broken head.

When the cause of strife's a doxy,
 Let others go,
 And, 'gainst the foe,
 Gain glory's scars
 In honour's wars:
 I'd rather fight by proxy.

IV.

Thus through the world I make a noise,
 Where'er I'm a sojourner,
 The mighty wonder and surprise
 Of every chimney corner I

Where with fife and drum
 I smirking come,
 And rap out zounds,
 And talk of wounds,
 Nor ever dread
 A broken head
 Where the cause of strife's a doxy;
 They're fools who go,
 And, 'gainst the foe,
 In glory's wars
 Gain honour's scars:
 I'm wise, and fight by proxy.

BALLAD;

IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

LADIES and gentlemen I'm a beau,

A beau I have been all my life,

And yet may the devil fetch me if I know

How I, whose whole trade is

To tickle up the ladies,

Have never yet got me a wife.

I started in life 'bout the year sixty-two,

My small clothes were scarlet, my stockings were blue,

My shoes were half-boots, pudding sleeves too I wore,

My hat in the true pistol cock, and the more

O'er the fair to prevail,

I sported a fine ramlie for a cue,

For what's a beau or a monkey without a tail?

Fashion thus yields to fashion, as night yields to day,

The huge hat that was cock'd with an air

Soon was kick'd out of doors, of the smart Nivernois

The charm'd world sung the praises,

The belles put on jazes,

And the beaux sported now their own hair.

By that time it came to the year seventy-two
 The fashions a mixture of old were and new ;
 Your hair like a bushel might look, or a wig,
 Or nine hairs of a side, with the tail of a pig,
 For me o'er the fair to prevail,
 I had seven yards of ribbon to make me a queue,
 For what's a beau or a monkey without a tail ?

III.

Again with the varying modes did I jump,
 Of fashion I gave the grand pas ;
 My coat hung to my heels, or was tuck'd to my rump,
 In all circles shoving,
 A beau, or a sloven,
 With a flouch, or a chapeau de bras :

Thus I sported my figure about eighty-two,
 Drove a two-story gig, that four poney rats drew,
 Wore a coat with seven capes, thirteen waistcoats in one,
 And, that I might ne'er be in folly outdone,
 With the fair to prevail,

A large porter's knot would have scarce held my queue,
 For what's a beau or a monkey without a tail ?

IV.

Thus in all sorts of modish assemblies the first
 Have my purse, health, and spirits been hack'd,

But the polish worn off, nothing left but the rust,
 I of fashion's strange stages,
 Like Shakespear's seven ages,
 Play the farce, though I'm in the last act.

Arrived to the year of our Lord ninety-two,
 I dress, and I coax, and I flirt, but 'twont do;
 At a hundred and one I should still be a fop,
 But done up, and nick named by the world the grey
 crop,

Can I hope to prevail,
 To play gallantry's part I have now lost my cue,
 For what's a bean or a monkey without a tail.

BALLAD.

IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

ALAS! the battle's lost and won,
 Dick Flint's born off the field
 By death, from whom the stoutest run,
 Who makes whole armies yield!

Dick well in honour's footsteps trod,
 Brav'd war and its alarms,
 Now death beneath the humble sod
 Has grounded his arms!

II.

Dick's march'd before us, on a rout
 Where ev'ry soldier's sent,
 His fire is dead, his courage out,
 His ammunition spent:

His form so active's now a clod,
 His grace no longer charms,
 For death beneath the humble sod
 Has grounded his arms!

III.

Come fire a volley o'er his grave,
 Dead marches let us beat;
 War's honours well become the brave,
 Who found their last retreat.

All must obey fate's awful nod
 Whom life this moment warms,
 Death, soon or late, beneath the sod
 Will ground the soldier's arms!

BALLAD.

INSCRIBED TO THEATRICALS.

ADIEU my gallant sailor, obey thy duty's call,
 Though false the sea, there's truth ashore;
 Till nature is found changing, thou'rt sure of con-
 stant Poll:

And yet, as now we sever,
 Ah much I fear that never
 Shall I alas behold thee more.

II.

Jack kiss'd her, hitch'd his trowsers, and hied him to
 begone,
 Weigh'd anchor, and lost sight of shore;
 Next day a brisk south-wester a heavy gale brought
 on,
 Adieu cried Jack for ever,
 For much I fear that never
 Shall I, sweet Poll, behold you more.

III.

Poll heard that to the bottom was sunk her honest tar,
And for a while lamented sore;
At length, cried she, I'll marry, what should I tarry
for?

I may lead apes for ever,
Jack's gone, and never, never
Shall I, alas, behold him more!

IV.

Jack safe and sound returning, fought out his faithful
Poll,

Think not, cried she, that false I swore,
I'm constant still as ever, 'tis nature's chang'd, that's
all;

And thus we part for ever,

For never, sailor, never
Shall I alas behold you more!

V.

If, as you say, that nature like winds can shift and
veer,

About ship for a kinder more!

X

I heard the trick you play'd me, and so, d'ye see, my
dear,

To a kind heart for ever

I've spliced myself, so never

Shall I, false Poll, behold you more.

BALLAD.

IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

SPANKING Jack was so comely, so pleasant, so jolly,
Though winds blew great guns, still he'd whistle and
sing,

Jack lov'd his friend, and was true to his Molly,
And, if honour gives greatness, was great as a king:

One night, as we drove with two reefs in the main sail,
And the scud came on low'ring upon a lee shore,

Jack went up aloft, for to hand the top gantsail,

A spray wash'd him off, and we ne'er saw him more:
But grieving's a folly,

Come let us be jolly,
If we've troubles at sea boys, we've pleasures ashore.

II.

Whiffing Tom still of mischief or fun in the middle,
Through life in all weathers at random would jog,
He'd dance, and he'd sing, and he'd play on the fiddle,
And swig with an air his allowance of grog :

Long side of a Don, in the Terrible frigate,
As yard arm and yard arm we lay off the shore,
In and out whiffing Tom did so caper and jig it,
That his head was shot off, and we ne'er saw him
more :

But grieving's a folly, &c.

III.

Bonny Ben was to each jolly messmate a brother,
He was manly and honest, good natured and free,
If ever one tar was more true than another
To his friend and his duty, that sailor was he :

One day with the david to heave the cadge anchor
Ben went in the boat on a bold craggy shore,
He overboard tipt, when a shark and a spanker,
Soon nipt him in two, and we ne'er saw him more !

But grieving's a folly, &c.

IV.

But what of it all lads, shall we be down hearted
 Because that mayhap we now take our last sup ?
 Life's cable must one day or other be parted,
 And death in safe moorings will bring us all up :

But 'tis always the way on't, one scarce finds a brother
 Fond as pitch, honest, hearty, and true to the core,
 But by battle, or storm, or some damn'd thing or other,
 He's popp'd off the hooks, and we ne'er see him
 more !

But grieving's a folly, &c.

BALLAD.

IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

ARRAH if 'tis no lie in this world we are living,
 And it en't, for 'tis seen every day,
 That the truest of joys honest hearts are receiving
 Are those they are giving away.

Sure men are all sisters, and cousins, and brothers,
 And 'tis clear to the stupidest elf

That the best kind of comfort a man gives to others
Is that which he takes to himself.

Thus this bodder and game, this fame, meum and
tuum,

Means the devil a meaning but suum.

II.

For your friend's peace of mind should you let your
mouth water,

And be getting the wish you obtain,

In possessing his purse, or his wife, or his daughter,
What delight would the joy be but pain.

Then let knav'ry alone, the vain work's usefess labour,

Be't for love, or for pow'r, or for pelf,

For every wrong that a man does his neighbour,
Sure is not he doing himself?

Thus this bodder, &c.

III.

If I'm rich, and should chuse to do good to another,

Arrah fait for the selfish design

Devil tank me, for if you allow I'm his brother,

Faith and conscience sure in not he mine?

But, says musty morality, chuse objects fitting;

Just your sermons lay by on the shelf;

Why you stupid old big wig, arrah sure 'ent I getting
For one joy of his ten for myself.

Thus this bodder, &c.

IV.

Then from such botheration in pity release us,
Fortune all you bestow will repay,
And though poor as Job, you'll be all rich as Craesus,
For you'll keep what you've given away :

The fine generous maxim then while you're pursuing
Spend your all to hoard mountains of pelf,
Soar high while you're sinking, be prosp'rous in ruin,
And give joy to enjoy it yourself.

And thus have I proved, &c.

BALLAD.

IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

BLEAK was the morn when William left his Nancy,
The fleecy snow frown'd on the whiten'd shore,
Cold as the fears that chill'd her dreary fancy,
While she her sailor from her bosom tore ;

To his fill'd heart a little Nancy pressing,
 While a young tar the ample trowsers ey'd,
 In need of firmness, in this state distressing,
 Will check'd the rising sigh, and fondly cried,
 Ne'er fear the perils of the fickle ocean,
 Sorrow's a notion,
 Grief all in vain;
 Sweet love take heart,
 For we but part
 In joy to meet again.

II.

Loud blew the wind, when leaning on that willow
 Where the dear name of William printed stood,
 When Nancy saw, toss'd by a faithless billow,
 A ship dash'd 'gainst a rock that topp'd the flood:
 Her tender heart with frantic sorrow thrilling,
 Wild as the storm that howl'd along the shore,
 No longer could resist a stroke so killing,
 'Tis he! she cried, nor shall I see him more!
 Why did he ever trust the fickle ocean?
 Sorrow's my portion,
 Misery and pain!
 Break my poor heart,
 For now we part,
 Never to meet again.

III.

Mild was the eve, all nature was smiling,
 Four tedious years had Nancy pass'd in grief,
 When, with her children the sad hours beguiling,
 She saw her William fly to her relief.

Sunk in his arms with bliss he quickly found her,
 But soon return'd to life, to love, and joy,
 While her grown young ones anxiously surround her,
 And now Will clasps his girl, and now his boy:

Did I not say, though 'tis a fickle ocean,
 Sorrow's all a notion,
 Grief all in vain?

My joy how sweet,

For now we meet,

Never to part again!

Then let them now just go their gig and their way,
 This life by my soul's nothing more than a day.
 For the east does not mean he's in love, but in doubt,
 Consents, little dreaming he quits while he doubts,
 And must marry or hang—the dear creature better
 That he's o'er head and ears the fond lover declares,

BALLAD.

IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

LIFE'S a jest, says the poet, arrah sure 'tis a pun—
Men call black for white through some quibbling
pretence,
And expressions still use where the sound is all one,
Though as distant as London from Dublin the sense.
Then let 'em now just go their gig and their fun,
This life by my soul's nothing more than a pun,
Where men play on our passions to turn us all fools,
And make puns and quibbles, that we may make bulls.

II.

That he's o'er head and ears the fond lover declares,
And must marry or hang—the dear creature beset,
Consents, little dreaming he puns while he swears,
For the taef does not mean he's in love, but in debt.
Then let them now just go their gig and their fun,
This life by my soul's nothing more than a pun,

Where fine dashing lovers fond widows turn fools,
And make puns and quibbles, that they may make
bulls.

III.

That sweet babe, says old Bolus, I'll quickly restore
To that mother from whom the dear creature had
birth;
Punning rogue, by and by sir the child is no more,
'So he lies and speaks truth, for he meant mother
earth!

Then let them now just go their gig and their fun,
This life by my soul's nothing more than a pun,
And thus learned physicians their patients turn fools,
And make puns and quibbles, that they may make
bulls.

IV.

Says the courtier, my friend you shall have a snug place,
A douceur or two more and your suit cannot fail?
The dear punning courtier gets into disgrace,
And you get sure enough a snug place in a jail!

Then let 'em now just go their gig and their fun,
This life, by my soul's nothing more than a pun,

And thus courtiers turn their dependants all fools,
And make puns and quibbles that they may make
bulls.

Thus one thing they say, and another express,
Thus feathers cut throats, thus are sycophants civil,
Don't bishops and ladies say no, and mean yes?
Don't we call women angels for playing the devil?
Then let them now just go their gig and their fun,
This life by my soul's nothing more than a pun,
Thus men laugh in their sleeves, while they turn their
friends fools,
And make puns and quibbles, that they may make
bulls.

Then let 'em now just go their gig and their fun,
This life by my soul's nothing more than a pun,
Thus men laugh in their sleeves, while they turn their
friends fools,
And make puns and quibbles, that they may make
bulls.

RONDEAU.

IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

Who calls?—Who calls?

Who Wisdom calls by Momus' name?

Who needs a sample of my quality?

Momus and Wisdom are the same,

Wisdom's god's the god of jollity.

Let the dark fage who low'rs and scowls,

And broods o'er melancholy,

Seek creeping snakes and hooting owls,

And call all pleasure folly:

If this be truth, truth speaks in lies,

This axiom nought can vary,

If to be merry's to be wise,

To be wise is to be merry.

Who calls? &c.

Be mortals motives what they may,

Pow'r, love, ambition, treasure,

In spite of all wise fools can say,

The end propos'd is pleasure.

That truth which contradicts me, lies;

This axiom nought can vary,

If to be merry's to be wise,

To be wise is to be merry.

Who calls? &c.

See Laughter at my beck appears,

And holds up men and manners,

Haste Joy's recruits, Whim's volunteers,

Lift under Momus' banners:

I Folly dress in Wisdom's guise,

Nor can my maxims vary:

If to be merry's to be wise,

To be wise is to be merry,

Who calls? &c.

The end proposed is pleasure.
No fight of all wise fools can save
Pow'r, love, ambition, treasure,
Be mortal motives what they may.

RONDEAU.

IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

A MIGHTY sultan once for fun

Indulged an inclination,

'Tis odds by then my story's done

You'll make its application.

A wag he sent for to his court,

Who, each way you can mention,

To furnish whim, and fun, and sport,

Still tortured his invention,

To please this sultan, &c.

'Mongst Folly's sons and daughters too

With Satire did he wander,

And still attempted someting new,

Relying on the candour

Of this mighty sultan, &c.

At length, his frolics at an end,
 Cried one, I do not bam you,
 But as you merit, my good friend,
 He'll either save or damn you,
 Will this mighty sultan, &c.

But, for your comfort, he is just,
 And easily contented,
 Nor to him e'er did any trust
 Who afterwards repented.

You are the sultan who for fun
 Indulge an inclination,

I am the wag—my story's done—
 Now make its application.

Still continued his devotion,
 To please his sultan, &c.

With Saim he did wander,
 And still attempted something new,
 Relying on the sultan's
 Of this mighty sultan, &c.

BALLAD.

IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

IN the motley feather'd race
 Mankind you may distinctly trace,
 Evermore on pleasure's wing
 Idly roving,
 Fighting, loving,
 They chatter, croak, and hoot, and sing,
 Nor is my simile unfair,
 Among the people of the air
 Are birds of night and birds of day,
 Birds that on each other prey,
 Birds that whistle, birds that croak,
 Birds that are a standing joke,
 Birds that decoy, and mock, and call,
 So like to birds are mortals all,
 That in the motley feather'd race
 Mankind you may distinctly trace,
 Evermore on pleasure's wing,
 Idly roving,
 Fighting, loving,
 They chatter, croak, and hoot, and sing.

II.

Thou hast seen upon the prowl,
 Grave as any judge, an owl,
 On birds and mice at random seize,
 For wren, or linnet,
 Watch the minute,
 And make a snatch, by way of fees:
 Lawyers, who deal in froth and words,
 What are they all but humming-birds?
 Geese are those who go to law,
 A hoarding miser's a jackdaw,
 Fond doves, like lovers, kiss and toy,
 A bulfinch is an Irish joy,
 Neglected worth's the humble wren,
 While corm'rants are all aldermen!
 Thus in the motley feather'd race, &c.

III.

Vain peacocks thou hast seen, who hide
 Their ugly feet, though puff'd with pride;
 Thus, while they bask in sunshine's hour,
 Specious wonders
 Hide the blunders
 Of gaudy peacocks, plump'd with power.

Fools so love knaves one can't descry
 The dove-house from the rookery ;
 The meekest dolt can tell you who
 Are like the wagtail and cuckoo :
 And all know those who swear and lie
 Are like the noisy chatt'ring pie :
 A hen's a flirt, with frizzl'd top,
 And what's the duck-tail'd jay !—a crop !
 Thus in the motley feather'd race, &c.

SONG.

IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

RECITATIVE.

BEHOLD two mighty chiefs come on !
 Not Hector, nor yet Telamon ;
 Who, 'stead of fists, cuff'd foes with rocks,
 But two tom-tits, or bantam cocks :
 Not like two combatants of yore,
 Who slew the foe, and drank the gore,

Like tigers, or fierce mastiff dogs—
 But chiefs from Homer's mice and frogs;
 Lank both in form and voice, and taper,
 Like an eel skin, or a thread paper;
 Who ammunition draw from lungs,
 And wield not swords nor spears, but tongues.
 Suppose them enter'd in the list,
 Their cause of quarrel who was his'd
 Or groan'd at most at either house:
 Says general frog to general mouse—

AIR.

' Signor Pantheon
 ' Vat ting you play on,
 ' To give Mister John Bull delight?
 " Monsieur Haymarket,
 " Pray don't you bark yet,
 " Nor shew your toothe, for you can't bite."
 ' My great big house make people stare,
 " Vat use great house, nobody dare?
 " I do de op'ra, you must sing song:"
 ' Ninety foot wide, hundred yard long,
 ' And den great many much foot high,
 ' The chandelier he touch de sky:
 " You Sadler-vells, Astley, Foxhall,
 " All Derry Down, Tir fol de rol."

180 DIBDEN'S SELECTED SONGS

- ' Your house make mine one servant-hall,
 " I license get, you none at all."
 ' Fire and fury, dev'l in hell,
 ' Oh vat disgracia
 ' To my faccia,
 ' 'Tis ferry fell,
 ' Fiddler, singer, dancer, quick
 ' To assist your gen'ral rush,
 ' Make haste, shoulder your fiddlestick,
 ' And all to piece dis nutshell crust.
 " Nutshell he full, he bring some meat a,
 " Your fiddlestick no good to eat a."
 ' Oh zounds, cot tam!
 ' Vat rage I am,
 ' I could my flesh for anger eat!
 " Ah do, you'll get no other meat."
 ' Shades of creat musicians all,
 ' In heaven, in hell, or on the deep,
 ' Quick appear, obey my call;
 " He won't appear, he fast asleep."
 ' Bononcini,
 ' Farinelli,
 ' Piccini,
 ' Iomelli,
 ' And all de elli,
 ' And nelli,

- " And rini,
 " And cini,
 " Great fiddling quire,
 " Appear at sound of David lyre.
 " Come, drive dis rogue from English land!
 " Fat, short, and tall a men,
 " Come, follow follow men,
 " David and Solomon,
 " One sing, and toder lead the band!
 " Ah you may bawl,
 " You cini he vont come at all."
 " I'll stop your mouth, you villain taff!
 " All dis fine nize dome get roast a beaf!
 " Come dome be fool,
 " But let us join
 " Your force and mine,
 " And den dome fear
 " But, the next year,
 " Wid your fine hell,
 " Your tund'ring swell,
 " My he, and ha,
 " Mister John Bull
 " Shall cry hoora!
 " Vive L'Opera!"

BALLAD.

IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

WHEN I comes to town with a load of hay,
 Mean and lowly though I seem,
 I knows pretty well how they figures away,
 While I whistles and drives my team :
 Your natty sparks and flashy dames
 How I do love to queer,
 I runs my rigs,
 And patters, and gigs,
 And plays a hundred comical games
 To all that I comes near :

Then in a pet
 To hear 'em fret,
 A mobbing away they go—
 (" The scoundrel deserves to be horse whipt !"
 ' Who, me ma'am ?'—)
 Wo Ball, wo !
 So to mind them I ne'er seem,
 But whistles and drives my team !

II.

So as I seems thinking of nothing at all,
 And driving as fast as I can,
 I pins a queer thing against the wall,
 Half a monkey, and half a man!
 The mob come round him to put up his blood,
 While he's trembling from top to toe,
 My whip it goes spank,
 I tips Ball on the flank,
 Ball plunges, and paints him all over with mud;
 Queers his stockings, and spoils the beau!
 Then the sweet pretty dear
 Ah could you but hear,
 (" Odds curse you, I'll make you know,
 " you infernal villain!"
 ' Lord bless your baby face, I would not hurt
 ' your spindle thanks for the world!")
 Wo Ball, wo!
 So to mind 'em I ne'er seem,
 But whistles and drives my team,

III.

And so I gets the finest fun
 And frisk that ever you saw,

Of all I meets I can queer ev'ry one
 But your gemmen of the law :
 Though they can scarcely put me down,
 Says I, to their courts when I'm led,
 Where their tails of a pig
 They hide with a wig,
 How many ways in London town
 They dresses a calf's head.

Then ev'ry dunce
 To hear open at once,
 Like mill-clacks their clappers go,
 (" Oh that's the fellow I saw grinning through
 " the horse collar in the country."
 ' I fancy you're the fellow I saw grinning through
 ' the pillory in London !')
 Wo Ball, wo !
 So to mind 'em I ne'er seem,
 But whistles, and drives my team.

BALLAD.

IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

I SING of that life of delight beyond measure,
That tars calmly lead on the boisterous main,
Where toil is enjoyment, where trouble's all pleasure,
And where men lose their lives, a sure fortune to
gain :

Where you fear no diseases but sickness and scurvy,
Where the water stinks sweetly, by way of a zest,
Where you walk on your legs, when you're not topsy
turvy,
And where, though you sleep soundly, you're never
at rest !

Then push round the can, oh you have not a notion
Of sailors, their grog, and their sweethearts, and
wives,

Ah give me, my soul, the tight lads of the ocean,
Who, though they're so wretched, lead such happy
lives.

II.

Then you're always of billows and winds in the middle,
 Then push round the can, &c.

That so dash, and so whistle, and bodder your ears,
 And play a duet with the tar's song and fiddle,
 So sweetly that sounds, and that nobody hears :

Then to see the tight lads, how they laugh at a stranger,
 Who fears billows can drown, and nine pounders
 can kill,

For you're safe sure enough, were you not in such danger,
 And might loll at your ease, if you could but sit still.

Then push round the can, &c.

III.

What of perils that, always the same, are so various,
 And through shot holes and leaks leave wide open
 death's doors,

Devil a risk's in a battle, wer't not so precarious,
 Storms were all gig and fun, but for breakers and
 shores!

In short, a tar's life, you may say dat I told it,
 Who leaves quiet and peace, foreign countries to
 roam,

Is, of all other lives, I'll be bound to uphold it,
The best life in the world, next to staying at home.
Then push round the can, &c.

BALLAD.

THIS here's what I does—I, d'ye see, forms a notion
That our troubles, our sorrows, and strife,
Are the winds and the billows that foment the ocean,
As we work through the passage of life ;

And for fear on life's sea lest the vessel should founder,
To lament, and to weep, and to wail,
Is a pop gun that tries to out roar a nine pounder,
All the same as a whiff in a gale.

Why now I, though hard fortune has pretty near starv'd
me,
And my togs are all ragged and queer,
Ne'er yet gave the bag to the friend that had serv'd
me,
Or caus'd a ruin'd beauty a tear.

II.

Now there tother day, when my messmate deceiv'd
me,

Stole my rhino, my cheft, and our Poll,
Do you think in revenge, while their treachery griev'd
me,

I a court martial call'd?—not at all.

This here on the matter was my way of arg'ing,
'Tis true they han't left me a cross,
A vile wife and false friend though are gone by the
bargain,
So the gain d'ye see's more than the lofs.

For though fortune's a jilt, and has, &c.

III.

The heart's all—when that's built as it should, found
and clever,

We go 'fore the wind like a fly,
But, if rotten and crank, you may luff up for ever,
You'll always fail in the wind's eye.
With palaver and nonsense I'm not to be paid off,
I'm adrift, let it blow then great guns,

A gale, a fresh breeze, or the old gemman's head off,

I takes life rough and smooth as it runs :

Content, though hard fortune, &c.

FINALE.

IN THE COALITION.

LAWYERS pay you with words, and fine ladies with
vapours,

Your parsons with preaching, and dancers with ca-
pers,

Soldier's pay you with courage, and some with their
lives,

Some men with their fortunes, and some with their
wives ;

Some with fame, some with conscience, and many
throw both in,

Physicians with latin, and great men with nothing!

I, not to be singular in such a throng,
 For your kindness pay you with the end of a song.

II.

But pleading, engrossing, declaring, and vap'ring,
 And fighting, and hectoring, and dancing, and ca-
 pering,
 And preaching, and swearing, and bullying—pre-
 scribing,
 And coaxing, and wheedling, and feeling, and brib-
 ing,

And every professional art of hum-drumming
 Is clearly in some sort a species of humming ;
 Humming !—nay, take me with you, the term's very
 strong,
 But I only meant humming the end of a song.

III.

For all who this evening have paid me attention
 I would I had language of some new invention
 My thanks to return, for where's the expression
 Can describe of your kindness the grateful impres-
 sion ?

May every desire of your hearts be propitious,
 Be lasting success the result of your wishes,
 Unimpair'd be your joys, your lives happy and long!
 And now I am come to the end of my song.

And coaxing, and wheedling, and teasing, and bidding,
 And preaching, and swearing, and bullying—
 And fighting, and dancing, and ca-
 But pleading, entreating, declaring, and vaporing.

THE END.

But I only meant humming the end of a song.
 Humming!—now, take me with you, the term's very
 Is clearly in some sort a species of humming;
 And every professional air of hum-drumming.

For all who this evening have paid me attention
 I would I had language of some new invention
 My thanks to return, for where's the expression
 Can describe of your kindness the grateful import-
 tion.



And did you hear what the children
A father and an honest man
Away from the house of the
He has not an instant of his life in vain
No more of the
A Drop of the
All the Birds in the Air

Will be the
The birds will be the birds
The birds will be the birds

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